

The Australian

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JANUARY 29, 1949

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ONE dreary morning in Boston, Grandma Wooten sat on her front porch and thought: Shucks. Ordinarily the nice old lady was not given to addressing the world in such strong terms, but to-day she just didn't care.

She brooded for a moment and this time she expressed her thoughts out loud.

"Shucks," she said, and then in a mood of complete recklessness she added, "Double shucks."

Right out loud.

"Were you addressing me?" inquired a voice.

Startled, Grandma Wooten looked around. At first she thought a flowerpot in front of her had been wired for sound. Then she realised that the voice came from the yard next door and the speaker was a grey-haired woman whose age Grandma Wooten had at times estimated to be somewhere between fifty and a hundred years.

The two women had been neighbors for five years and during that time had never exchanged a word. Not that Grandma Wooten hadn't been tempted. There was the matter of the tulips, for instance.

During her first year of residence the neighbor's tulips had bloomed in December. Grandma admired the cozy pattern they made in the snow and had wanted to ask her where she got her bulbs, but they had not been introduced, and so it was out of the question. In the ensuing years Grandma had learned to take the winter-blooming tulips for granted, the edge had worn off her curiosity, and she had stifled the impulse to speak to her neighbor.

But to-day Grandma Wooten was in a reckless mood.

"I was wondering," she said, "if you wouldn't like to drop in for a cup of tea."

"I think that would be right nice," said the neighbor. She came over and sat in the parlor while Grandma prepared the tea. Grandma poured the first steaming cup, and the neighbor took a swallow that would have scalded the gizzard of a phoenix.

"My!" said Grandma. "Don't you find that hot?"

"It's all right," said the neighbor. "But you ought to try it while it's still bubbling. Adds a certain tang."

"Gracious," said Grandma.

"You seem perturbed," said the neighbor. "As I remember, you said 'Shucks.' You even went so far as to say, 'Double shucks.'"

"I did," admitted Grandma Wooten candidly. "I am more than perturbed. I am bored silly."

"Tsk, tsch," clucked the neighbor sympathetically.



"I won't have any bird sitting on my chair preening her feathers, even if she is your mother," Ellie said indignantly.

"Exciting!" said H. K. Brock. "I could tell you things that'd make your hair curl."

"Please do," urged Grandma. So H. K. Brock told Grandma some things that made her hair curl.

"As I was saying," said Grandma, amusingly viewing her new coiffure in the mirror, "I'm not appreciated around here. I don't think they like me very much and as a matter of fact, I'm not very fond of them, especially my son, Wallace. He's so stodgy."

"I understand," said H. K. Brock. "I've had literally hundreds of sons, and I had no use for any of 'em. They were all so disgustingly normal. Couldn't even so much as do a card trick."

"Right now," said Grandma, "my son and his wife are out to the air circus. I don't know why they went excepting that it's free. But I would have enjoyed it. I learned all about flying from a magazine, but would they take me? No."

Grandma stretched her arms and sighed.

"Ah, me," she said. "I wish I were as free as a bird."

After a momentary dizzy spell, Grandma looked around and said, "Cheep, cheep." Then she looked at H. K. Brock, puzzled. "Why do you suppose I said, 'Cheep'?" she asked. "I wouldn't know," said H. K. Brock, "except that maybe it's because you're a bird."

"Am I really?" asked Grandma.

She fluffed out her wings and gazed admiringly at them.

"Well, so I am," she said. "A bird. Fancy! What kind of a bird am I?"

"That I couldn't exactly say," H. K. Brock told her. "It's just a little something I whipped up on the spur of the moment. There's a little of the cockatoo mixed in with bird of paradise, and a dash of eagle thrown in to give you body."

Grandma again admired her plumage, which was an amazing mixture of colors.

"And such nice colors," she said. "My, I must say I'm very much obliged."

"Oh, it's nothing," said H. K. Brock graciously.

"I think I'm going to like being a bird," said Grandma.

"Of course, you can always change back to yourself at will," H. K. Brock told her.

"That's real thoughtful of you," said Grandma. "I don't think I'd like sleeping in trees." She flapped her wings tentatively. "Do you suppose I could fly?" she inquired. "Or is that asking too much?"

"Just try it," urged H. K. Brock.

Grandma Wooten flapped her wings a few more times and finally became airborne. She circled the room twice and then swooped out the window and soared majestically into the air. H. K. Brock watched her until she became a mere speck.

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GRANDMA WOOTEN AND THE WITCH

By . . .

MICHAEL FESSIER

"Life," said Grandma, "is an old fireplace full of last winter's ashes." "I like the way you put it," said the neighbor.

Grandma beamed. How had she allowed this virgin field of understanding to go uncultivated for so long?

"My son, Wallace," she said, "thinks I'm an old stick. So does his wife, Ellie."

"They mean to you?" asked the neighbor.

"Not intentionally," said Grandma. "On the surface it's soliloquy. It's Don't go out to-day, Grandma; it's too cold. We'd like to take you with us to the theatre, but remember your sciatica. Now you know, Grandma, prize fights are no place for a woman of your years. No, Grandma, you can't learn to drive a car. What would people think? Things like that."

"I see," said the neighbor.

"The gist of the matter is they think I'm an old nuisance," said Grandma. "I think they'd have me put in a home if I didn't have money."

"Have you a lot of money?" politely inquired the neighbor.

"Somewhere between ten thousand and a million dollars," said Grandma. "I never did figure it out. Anyway, what good is money? They won't let me spend it."

"I know how you feel," said the neighbor. "Suppose you tell me more. Perhaps I could help you."

"Could you, perhaps?" asked Grandma hopefully. "How?"

"Well, I'm a witch, you know," said the neighbor.

"No, I didn't know," said Grandma. "Are you really?"

"Yes, indeed," said the neighbor. "I'm a good witch, though. Name's Brock. H. K. Brock."

Grandma looked sideways at H. K. Brock. "Glad to make your acquaintance," she murmured. "Fancy that! A witch. How does one go about being a witch?"

"It just came over me all of a

sudden when I was a girl of eight," said the neighbor. "I was aboard the Mayflower."

"I've often wondered about your age," commented Grandma. "That accounts for the winter tulips, doesn't it? Your being a witch, I mean."

"It's just that I have a green thumb," said H. K. Brock modestly. "Brock, Brock," mused Grandma. "That seems to ring a bell. The Pleadably Brocks by any chance?"

"The same," admitted the neighbor.

"Then, if I recall my family history," said Grandma, "one of my ancestors had something to do with burning one of your ancestors."

"Ancestor, nothing!" said H. K. Brock. "That was me."

"I'm glad it wasn't permanent," said Grandma. She studied her neighbor with added interest. "You must have led an exciting life."



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Grandma Wooten and the Witch

Continued from page 3

At first Grandma contented herself with straight flying. Then she tried a few swoops and spirals and in no time at all attained great proficiency in advanced wing work. She floated lazily for a while in a favorable air current and then made a couple of speed runs between the city hall and the harbor.

Finally, becoming a little tired, she flew to a telephone pole and roosted. Gracious, she thought, I do believe this is going to open up an entirely new life for me.

From a distance, a cruising goshawk spied Grandma Wooten and spiraled down to investigate. Being a bird of sober judgment he at first refused to believe his eyes. He hovered for a moment and stared unbelievably, hoping against hope that this horrid creature was a mere figment of his imagination.

"Oh, go away and mind your own business," said Grandma Wooten crossly.

The goshawk squawked poignantly, then blipped off, his nervous system shattered.

Far in the distance, Grandma Wooten heard the roar of airplane motors. That reminded her of something, so she stretched her wings and sped off into the blue.

At the air circus Wallace and Ellie Wooten were sitting in the grandstand placidly eating peanuts and watching the death-defying aerobatics of Pierre Peronne, the famous French stunt flier. Peronne was doing outside loops as a warm-up!

"What's that flying alongside the airplane?" suddenly asked Ellie.

Wallace looked closely.

"I think," he said nervously, "it's a bird."

"A monstrosity of a bird," said Ellie. "A perfectly incredible bird. And, look, it's looping, too."

And that's exactly what Grandma Wooten was doing. Having observed the pilot long enough to catch the technique, she tried a tentative loop and, flushed by success, executed several more—great swooping outside loops that brought gasps from the crowd.

"Thank goodness," Wallace told Ellie. "These other people see it."

"I wish I didn't," said Ellie. "I wish I were home."

Pierre Peronne flipped the plane over on its back and roared across the field close to the ground.

"Now," said he, "I'll show these Americans something."

A cheer, heard even over the sound of the motor, came up from the crowd and Pierre was pleased until he noticed that a bird was flying alongside him, upside down and at a speed which matched his. Pierre's hand jerked spasmodically and his plane swerved to the right. So did the bird.

Pierre attained a sort of desperate control over himself. At all costs he must elude this fantastic fowl or never again trust himself in the air. He looped crazily, gained altitude, dived like a rocket, pulled up so abruptly as almost to tear his wings off, and still Grandma Wooten flew alongside him.

Never had the people of Boston seen such a thrilling sight as Grandma Wooten provided that afternoon. They cheered wildly and were too excited to wonder where the bird had come from or to try to explain its presence there. Their only emotion was of satisfaction at getting their money's worth.

Those who cheered the loudest were the ones who, after sober reflection at home, denied vehemently that there was such a thing as an acrobatic bird but, instead, insisted that it was just a trick.

Finally Pierre gave up. He landed, taxied his plane to its hangar, and

sat sulking in the cockpit for the rest of the afternoon. "The State Department," he told one of the officials darkly, "shall hear of this."

Grandmother Wooten entertained the crowd solo for a few minutes, and then, drunk with power, entered the speed events. She was circling the pylons an easy third, when she got in the wake of a jet plane and scorched her tail feathers. Chagrined and mortified, she called it a day, and flew home.

When Wallace and Ellie returned from the air circus, Grandma Wooten was sitting not too comfortably in her easy chair, knitting.

"Oh, Mother," said Wallace. "It was so thrilling. There was a bird, or at least I think it was a bird, and it did stunts."

"Really?" asked Grandma.

"How I wish you'd been there," said Wallace.

"I was," said Grandma.

"You were?" asked Wallace.

"How'd you get there?"

"Oh, I flew, of course," said Grandma Wooten.

Wallace laughed. "I thought you were joking," he said.

"I wasn't joking," said Grandma.

"I was there. I was the bird."

"Huh?" said Wallace.

"You heard me," said Grandma.

"But I thought you said you were the bird," said Wallace.

"Look," said Grandma, "this repetition isn't getting us anywhere. I was the bird. Look."

Grandma changed herself into a bird and sat on the arm of the chair preening her feathers.

"Well, what do you know?" gasped Wallace. "She is a bird."

"I can see that," said Ellie. "But just don't stand there. Do something."

"What?" asked Wallace.

"Well, make her stop," said Ellie indignantly. "I won't have any bird sitting on my chair preening her feathers, even if she is your mother."

"Mother, please," urged Wallace.

PROMPTLY

Grandma Wooten changed back into herself.

"This is better," she remarked. "It spreads the burn over a wider area. That jet plane!"

Wallace sat down and regarded his mother with admiration. "How do you do it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you exactly," said Grandma. "It's a little something a witch did for me."

"Which witch?" asked Ellie.

"Our neighbor," said Grandma.

"Heavens, what a day!" gasped Wallace. "Do you mean we've got a witch for a neighbor?"

"Yes," said Grandma. "Haven't you noticed the tulips in December?"

"Well, yes," admitted Wallace, "but I never really believed it."

"Neither did I," agreed Ellie.

"Well, well," said Wallace. "So a witch taught you how to be a bird."

"Name of H. K. Brock," said Grandma. "She gets all the credit."

"What credit?" demanded Ellie.

"What's there to give anybody credit for?"

"Well, for heaven's sake," said Wallace. "It isn't everyone who can change herself into a bird. I'll bet your mother can't do it."

"Well, maybe she couldn't," admitted Ellie. "But if she could she wouldn't turn herself into such a perfectly atrocious bird as your mother did."

Grandma was hurt.

"Aren't I a nice-looking bird?" she asked.

"Well," said Wallace, "candor forces me to admit that you were a bit repulsive. And those colors! Ugh! Let's not go into details."

"Let us just say," said Ellie maliciously, "that if a Navajo Indian

could change himself into a bird he'd look like your kind of a bird."

"Well, I always have liked bright colors," said Grandma Wooten. "And if there's a little something wrong here and there, don't blame H. K. Brock. It may have been ages since she's turned anybody into a bird."

"Well," said Ellie, "even if you were a paragon of a bird, I still wouldn't like it. You've got to stop it immediately."

"Why?" asked Wallace.

"Why?" repeated Ellie, exasperated. "I'm surprised that you ask. It'll disrupt the household for one thing. Think of it, toast for breakfast and birdseed for lunch." She turned to Grandma. "Or do you eat worms?" she demanded.

Grandma shuddered. "Let's not be indelicate," she suggested.

"Indelicate," snorted Ellie. "What's more indelicate than a grandmother turning herself into a bird, especially your kind of a bird? What will our relatives say? What will our friends say?"

"Oh, let's not interfere. Let's just let things go along and see what happens," said Wallace, who felt a sense of pride and exhilaration in his mother's remarkable accomplishment.

Grandma Wooten beamed at him. She was beginning to like him again.

"Oh, sure," said Ellie nastily. "That's because it's your family. Your family can do no wrong. But if it were my mother—"

Grandma Wooten, long used to this pattern of argument, didn't hear the rest. She turned herself into a bird and flapped out the window. The flight was not an entire success. Grandma's rudder control was wobbly due to her encounter with the jet plane.

During the next week, Grandma serenely ignored the bickering between Wallace and Ellie and went out flying. At first she contented herself with short hops over familiar territory. Then she started extensive cross-country flights.

At one time she was lost in a pea-soup fog and momentarily wished she'd asked H. K. Brock to equip her with instruments. Then she discovered she had a built-in instinct for direction and flew unerringly home.

Shortly after that Grandma Wooten met her Waterloo. She had discovered, on the outskirts of Boston, a cherry orchard which bore superior fruit. Whenever hungry, she navigated thither and gorged herself.

Calvin Sweigart, owner of the orchard, noticed depredations far beyond the capacity of the usual run of birds. Deciding that perhaps the damage was caused by boys, he loaded a shotgun with rock salt and began a vigil.

Finally his patience was rewarded, if you can call the shock Calvin received a reward. He almost dropped the shotgun when Grandma Wooten swooped into the tree and began eating cherries. This foul creature, he decided, was a blasphemy in the eyes of all decent, God-fearing folk and he wasn't sure that it was doing his soul any good to expose himself to it.

Then his sense of property asserted itself. He raised his shotgun, took careful aim, and shot Grandma Wooten in the tail feathers.

As Grandma Wooten took off, Calvin thought he heard the word "Shucks." From this he derived consolation. The whole thing simply hadn't happened.

If he were that kind of bird and he could talk and he had been shot in the tail feathers, he reasoned, he would have uttered an expulsive much stronger than "shucks."

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — January 29, 1949

YOUNG State detective Phil Cade didn't know the stout little district attorney across the desk from him too well. But he'd heard a lot about him. Publicity bound. Had contempt for policemen. Liked to put the fear of their jobs in them.

Right now it was evident that Weld Byrnes was trying to be pleasant. He had lost his last two cases and had looked particularly bad in the LeMartin case, front-paged for two weeks on end. He came up for re-election next week. Cade saw fear for his own job in the little fat man now.

"I'm sending you to Bruxton to find the rifle that killed Dale Beauregard," Byrnes said. "For a week we've dragged the lake, checked every structure, done a three-mile radius of woods, including Shadow Mountain and that gulch or whatever they call it down there." He smiled. "But I expect you to find the rifle just the same, Cade. You have to find it."

Cade thought: Or you won't be re-elected next week.

Weld Byrnes, staring at him, saw in his dark grey eyes and thin lips sagging at the corners no enthusiasm for the hunt. Nor fear of his job. Cade had always the farm his father left him in Harmonville. He said, "You expect me to find the rifle?"

Byrnes said, "Hope to—let's put it that way," and checked a sheet of paper on his desk. "You're a local boy, Cade, according to this. You lived there in Bruxton till you were twenty-one. Ten years ago. Then you moved with your folks to Harmonville. That's right, is it?"

"Yes," Cade said. "That's why I'm sending you, Cade—that and, of course, your work on that case out in Trenton last month. For a young man you did a great piece of work there. Now for Bruxton—you knew Dale Beauregard and his wife, the former Jane Cameron?"

"Went to school with them. Dale went away to college the last two years."

"Then you'll understand what I say now. The killer must be a local man. The life of neither Beauregard nor his wife touched the outer world. They were small-town people, their interests and associations entirely within the town and the farms around. All right. Now in the town I've checked the banking angle. A business reason for the murder. It just isn't there, Cade. So that leaves the usual thing—the triangle."

Byrnes stood up and lighted a cigarette. He offered one tardily to Cade. Cade refused it.

Byrnes resumed: "Someone picked Dale Beauregard off with a rifle, and from a considerable distance, when he stepped out on his lighted front porch for a look at the night before he locked up to go to bed. A habit with him at ten o'clock. I've gone into the accidental angle, Cade—night hunters, adventuring boy, all that. Nothing there." He paused, then concluded, "So it's the triangle—and who hated Beauregard enough to do that? Or put it this way: Who loved his wife enough to do that?"

Cade was thinking: I used to love her about enough to do a thing like that—and maybe I still do. I don't know.

Weld Byrnes was saying, "You knew them both, Cade. You must know then that as far as Mrs. Beauregard is concerned there just wasn't any triangle. She's not that kind of woman."

"I know that," Cade said.

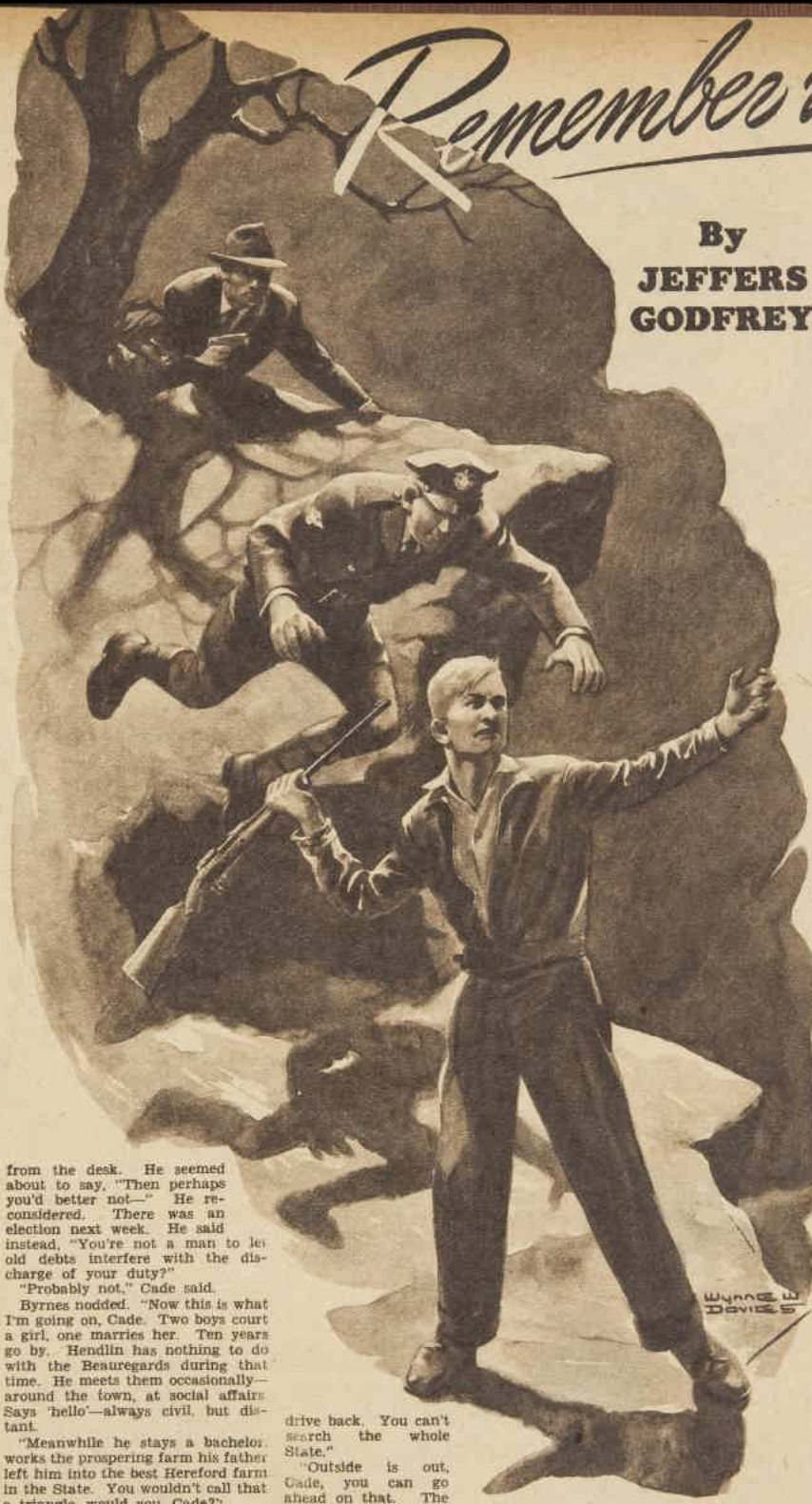
"So what do I have to do, Cade? I have to go back ten years to dig up a triangle. She jilted a man ten years ago to marry Dale Beauregard. Know who he is?"

"Fair Hendlin," Cade said, and added to himself: And I was another.

Byrnes leaned across the desk. "That's the fellow, Cade. Know him?"

"Yes," Cade said. "I know him. Everyone in Bruxton used to be proud to know him. He saved my life one time, when I was swimming in the lake."

The district attorney pulled back.



Remember when

By
**JEFFERS
GODFREY**

now, what he had never forgotten and could never forget. His last night in Bruxton—the night before his father moved the family to the new farm in Harmonville. He'd dressed up after supper and driven his jalopy up to Jane Cameron's. It was summer.

He hadn't more than stepped from the car when he heard her father yell from the porch. "Here comes the boy that shot the boy in Oshkosh," and heard him chuckle.

That's what he'd been to her father for years—the boy who shot the boy in Oshkosh. When he first got his eye on Jane, to see her or just to be near her, he used to take his rifle after school and shoot along the Cameron timber and gradually work his way across the fields to the house.

Her father had come from the barn one afternoon and said, "You seem to be doing a powerful lot of shooting around here lately, son."

Shaking in his boots, he answered, "Have to keep practising. Mr. Cameron. Shooting a boy way out west in Oshkosh next Saturday."

He meant his rifle club at school. They "shot boys" from other schools all over the country, mailing back and forth their scores and targets.

Her father said, "A thousand miles! I'll say you need practice!"

This last night Jane showed up after a while, and came running to the car. He said, "Thought maybe you'd like to take in the movie at Centre Merrilee—second show."

Her blue eyes went wide. She said, "This is your last night, isn't it?" She hesitated. Then she said, "Of course, Phil—I'd love to go."

He should have known from her hesitation and from a thousand earlier things that he stood no chance with her. But he was young and his hope could touch any star.

On the way back from the movies, at a turn-out on this road he was driving now, he'd stopped the car and asked her to marry him. With nothing to go on, no future, his father trying out a new farm after failing on the old, he asked her, and expected she'd say "yes."

She said "no."

"So it's Fair Hendlin!" he said, and he found himself hating Fair just because she preferred Fair to him.

She said, "Maybe."

That's all they said. He drove her home.

But she hadn't married Fair. Within a year she married quiet, polished Dale Beauregard, just back from college and preparing to take his father's place in the bank.

She made the best choice, of course. Dale had the education and his future was secure. Not that that counted too much with her. Of the three he must have been the one she loved.

Now Dale was dead. Killed perhaps by Fair. That was the district attorney's angle.

"During all the ten years, Fair kept on loving Jane, kept on hating Dale," Cade, driving down the short hill and rounding the hairpin turn into the main street of the town, felt that Weld Byrnes for once was right.

For himself, he knew that, deep inside, his love was as strong now as it ever was. And within him there was always hate, unfair, unreasoned hate, for any man she married.

At the Black Horse Inn, Cade stopped the coupe. He hauled out his bag, and, ducking under the huge sign showing a galloping black horse, entered the small wooden hotel. The proprietor was new to him.

"Stop him, Brad," Cade yelled as Hendlin raised the rifle.

drive back. You can't search the whole State."

"Outside is out, Cade, you can go ahead on that. The police were on this thing fast. Efficient, for once. Checked all roads within the hour. And Hendlin—we know his every move from midnight on. He had two hours, but inside the town, Cade. And that's where the gun is—inside the town."

"All right," Cade said. "I'll go down there and take a look."

He left the county building and walked out to his car.

On the clock tower over the courthouse across the street he saw that it was a little after four. He could make Bruxton, easy driving, by supper-time. In an old black bag in the back of the car he always carried a change of clothing and a toothbrush.

Cade got into the car and drove

from the desk. He seemed about to say, "Then perhaps you'd better not—" He reconsidered. There was an election next week. He said instead, "You're not a man to let old debts interfere with the discharge of your duty?"

"Probably not," Cade said.

Byrnes nodded. "Now this is what I'm going on, Cade. Two boys court a girl, one marries her. Ten years go by. Hendlin has nothing to do with the Beauregards during that time. He meets them occasionally—around the town, at social affairs. Says 'hello'—always civil, but distant."

"Meanwhile he stays a bachelor, works the prospering farm his father left him into the best Hereford farm in the State. You wouldn't call that a triangle, would you, Cade?"

"No," Cade said.

"But I do. I say Patrie Hendlin kept on loving Jane Beauregard and hating Dale during all those ten years. The hate kept pulling at him. This night he took a rifle. Waited, knowing Beauregard's ten o'clock habit. Shot him. Hid the rifle. You go out there, Cade. Find his rifle."

Cade stood up. He said, "There's a thousand places a rifle could be."

Byrnes, taking his hand, said, "We've checked 999 of them for you, Cade. All you have to do is figure the thousandth!"

"That may be easy enough," Cade said, then seemed to frown at himself for saying it. He said quickly, "I meant outside there's a thousand places. A man could drive out,

along through late fall dusk. A country of farms, little else. And the farms not much good. Leave it to Fair Hendlin, with his energy and know-how, to build up the best Hereford herd in the State.

He drove through Centre Merrilee, where the Bruxton folks used to come to the movies to get the latest films—the Bruxton twice-weekly show had always, old pictures, and none too choice.

In his day, for a boy to take a girl to the second show in Merrilee and for the midnight ride home was really living life.

Cade remembered, more keenly

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The Australian Women's Weekly — January 29, 1949

Nielsen SLIPPERS — for restful comfort — Nielsen SLIPPERS — nice to come home to — Nielsen SLIPPERS

FROM THE RUE DE LA PAIX

FASHION FLASHES

Bare shoulder slip

New, new! Stay-up elastic in shirred bodice. Wonderful under sheers. And remember, Lux whisks out undie-perspiration before it can do harm — keeps all lingerie lovely.

Jeanne Lanvin designed it!

Paris cotton . . . Two colours mated with Lanvin's black "diplomatic stripe". No rubbing with harsh soaps for THIS model, my lovelies! Just Lux it often — that way it will stay fetching for seasons.

A cuff at your hips!

Wonderful gingham . . . Full, full skirt and (of all things!) a cuffed hip-line. Washable? But of course — if you use Lux instead of strong soaps or harsh washing methods.

Social climber

Little black booties. Climbing high to frame pretty ankles in shadow-sheer stockings. Want to know how to make stockings last TWICE as long? Lux them after every wearing — that's all!

Little puritan!

Thin cotton blouse with Sunday-go-to-meeting collar of blinding white pique. Nice! Especially when laundered often — with Lux. For Lux keeps that fresh new look in all your pretties so much longer.

THAT SMART LOOK . . .

IT'S THE LUX LOOK



U.297.WWEPG

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 28, 1940

THE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

AFTER a week at home with a very unglamorous cold in the head, Ann showed up at the office on Monday morning with make-up carefully applied to disguise the remaining traces of the cold's ravages.

She showed up at five minutes to nine because one of the unglamorous features of writing glamorous advertising for Ettinger's department store was that she had to punch a time-clock.

It was a rule upon which Mr. Ettinger insisted.

Not that Ann really cared. She loved being around the original creations which Mr. Ettinger bought for his more exclusive customers. Once in a while, when she or Nancy, the other copywriter, had a special lunch date, they would borrow one of the most expensive hats up to be sketched for an advertisement.

Then there were the fabulous month-end sales when Ann and Nancy would rush down to the lingerie department to paw over odd lots of lace-festooned underwear.

Nancy, who was dark-eyed and plump, ran to black with plenty of fuzzy details. Ann preferred slips and nightgowns with messages like "I love you" or "Forget-me-not" embroidered across the bosoms.

In fact, everything was exciting and wonderful until The Idea came into their lives.

The advertising department, tucked away in a partitioned-off section of the sixth floor, was littered with dirty smocks, headless dressmaker dummies, discarded proofs and remnants of newspapers. The three artists' drawing-boards were by the row of windows, to get the light.

In less illuminated murk were the chop-illuminated desks of the copy-writers, Nancy and Ann. The only private office was that of Miss Sherman, the advertising manager.

But, in spite of everything, Ann was glad to come back this Monday morning.

Then she saw her desk. It was not dusty and untenanted, waiting for her to wade through a week's mess. It was astonishingly bare and neat, except for a character seated at it. He was a large young man in shirt-sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth, and the air of one who has a way with dogs and women, but prefers women.

Ann stood over him and glared.

"Pardon me. This is my desk."

He looked up and smiled, a glamor-boy smile. "Oh, you're Ann, the sick girl. I'm Peter Graham. Run off and let me write this piece of copy. I didn't finish the page before I left on Saturday night. I had a big date."

He returned to Ann's typewriter.

Ann felt hot rage gather within her. "I want my desk. You use one of the others," she said.

She made a wild motion. The artists were at their boards, but Nancy's desk, and the office boy's, were still vacant.

"Hush, darling. They belong to people." Peter did not look up.

Ann bent over, pulled open the top drawer of her desk, and popped her bag and gloves into it. "So does this one," she said.

Peter stood up. "You're a very objectionable young woman. Why don't you scram before I put you in your place?"

Ann wondered shakily whether to throw herself on the typewriter and claim possession. Her temper was growing when Miss Sherman walked in the door.

Miss Sherman was tall and chic, with a cool air of detachment. She was wearing a blue-and-white dotted print from the Designer's Shop, and a hat lined with the same print. Ann looked up weakly. Strong men were one thing, a boss like Miss Sherman was another.

"Miss Sherman," Ann said. "I came back and this person—was using my desk. He won't move."

Miss Sherman's dark, expertly shadowed eyes measured Ann. "Oh, I forgot about you. We have a new system here. Mr. Graham is going to write all the advertising, and you and Nancy will be his reporters. You won't need a desk."

The hall of rage circled in Ann's stomach. "But where will I—"

"Oh, Ann. Don't be such a child. You and Nancy can share a desk. Mr. Graham is very busy; don't bother him. And so am I. Our first ad runs to-night, our first ad under the new system. Come into my office in half an hour, after I have checked it, and I'll explain to you how we're going to work."

She swept on. Peter opened the top drawer of the desk and pulled out Ann's bag and gloves. She accepted them dazedly, and sat on a chair by Nancy's desk, feeling extremely uncomfortable. When Nancy came in, wearing a big new hat embellished with several varieties of vegetables, including asparagus, Ann pulled her arm.

"Meet me in the washroom. I have to talk," she murmured.

In the washroom Ann asked, "What happened? How did he get the job?"

Nancy's eyes twinkled. "He used to be a junior assistant to Mr. Ettinger. He had a brilliant war record in the Air Force, and now he has this idea about advertising. He's writing women's fashions from the man's point of view. Miss Sherman thinks he's sensational."

"What do you think?" Nancy rolled her eyes. "We're not paid to think, darling. Besides, have you had a good look at him? I'll bet nothing like that ever came into Sherman's life since she was sixteen. She's rolling hoops round him."

Ann said fiercely: "He's a horrible person. He's rude."

Nancy yawned. After working beside her for nearly a year, Ann suspected that Nancy was fundamentally lazy.

"Relax," Nancy said now. "Our jobs are a snap now. I slipped off to the pictures on Friday afternoon and nobody even guessed. As for Peter knowing how to write advertising," Nancy gave her dark hair an indolent flip. "Judge for yourself. There's a lot of proofs on my desk. I'm off to have a manicure."

Ann straightened her shoulders. She walked briskly out and back to Nancy's desk. On top of the pile of proofs was the advertisement scheduled to run that night. Ann shot a half glance at Pete. He was tapping a pencil on the desk and staring into space. Ann picked up the page.

In appearance, it was not unlike the usual advertisements which Ettinger's ran—a page divided into sections for various kinds of merchandise and an editorial in big type at the top. But there the resemblance stopped.

Miss Sherman's editorial said.

"There has long been a mistaken idea that women dress for other women. Nonsense. What good is a new dress or a fur coat if you aren't pleasing a man? Peter Graham, handsome young socialite, has come back to Ettinger's with lots of new ideas on how women should dress. From now on, he is going to write our advertisements."

"Ladies—to-day and every day hereafter we present to you the opinions of an attractive and sophisticated male on women's fashions. Read them—and heed."

Gasp! Ann read on. Read, with growing amazement. The headline was as usual, "Annual August Sale of Fur Coats." The illustration was one of the art department's usual lush figures wrapped in fur.

But Peter had written: "Most men don't know much about fur coats, they don't care whether their wives

or sweethearts are wearing racoon, dyed mink, or rabbit. But they like to see their women look happy and pretty. Ettinger's have the furs to make women happy and pretty, too."

Ann thought of Mr. Peabody, the fur buyer, and shut her eyes. Mr. Peabody was large, sleepy-eyed, and uncouth, but he knew furs. Peter's advertisement sounded as if Mr. Peabody ran a bargain basement.

When Ann managed to get her eyes open, they travelled fascinated to a cotton washdress, the kind that she would have dismissed with a brief recommendation as to its sturdy washability. Instead, Peter had taken down his hair.

"This is the kind of thing," he carolled, "that a man dreams of coming home to. It's fresh, it's crisp, it's a get-up-for-breakfast dress when there are eggs and bacon on the table."

Ann was roused from her mental indigestion by Miss Sherman's rabbit-faced secretary. Ann looked

By ISABELLA TAVES

up at her. "What do—people think of the new advertising?"

The rabbit face giggled. "It's sweet, isn't it? Mr. Graham is such a sweet man. Miss Sherman's ready to see you now. You'd better hurry, she's very busy these days."

Ann hurried. On the way in she passed Peter's desk, but Superman was calmly reading the sports page of the newspaper.

In her office, Miss Sherman handed Ann a sheaf of pink slips, each with a typewritten notation at the top. "Talk to each buyer and fill out the slip with information about the merchandise to be advertised. Then give them all to Peter."

Ann stared sullenly. "I don't see what he needs any information for. All he does is write little essays about life."

Miss Sherman looked patient. "His copy is going to be the sen-

sation of the advertising business. I just couldn't believe my ears when he suggested it to me. Why, all these years we've had women writing about women's fashions when all they care is how men feel about things."

"What's going to happen to women copywriters? Are we going to have to write about men's underwear?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Ann. Don't think because you used to sit and copy phrases out of fashion magazines that you were a copywriter. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but—"

Ann fled. It wasn't until she got back at her own desk that reaction set in. Peter looked up casually.

"You're white, kid, and shivering. Don't you feel well? Should you go home?"

Ann clutched the pink slips.

"You're not going to get rid of me so easily. Do you understand that?"

Peter watched with astonishment as she stamped out of the office.

There was no definite plan formulated in her mind when she started her rounds, but she was a fermenting mass of resentment. The Better Dress buyer, in the midst of a sale, gave Ann a glazed look and told her to come back later. The underwear buyer was satisfied with things as they were. But it was Mr. Peabody, in the furs, who finally provided the inspiration.

Mr. Peabody, seated on a white satin covered chair in his mirrored salon, was brooding. He watched Ann's approach with quiet hostility. Ann gave him the pink slip that read: "Fur coat sale, Sunday papers, 40 inches."

He looked at it meditatively, then crushed the paper into a wet ball in his big hands. "I'm not going to pay for any more advertising," he said.



"I want my desk," Ann cried, hot with rage, but the young man just smiled at her good-humoredly.

Ann made a small noise. He turned on her. "So I have furs that make women pretty and happy. So. Not a word about that new wrap-around. There's only six other coats like it in the country. Not a word about the new luxury drape that makes all last year's fur coats look like rubbish. Make women pretty and happy? Huh! The only reason any dame buys a coat is to show off to another dame."

Ann cleared her throat. "Why don't you speak to Miss Sherman about it? Or Mr. Ettinger?"

Mr. Peabody turned purple. "They tell me it's an experiment! So they sit up there cutting out paper dolls while I face my biggest month of the year! I'll go over to the newspapers and write up my own ads. You tell your boss that."

Ann stood smiling at Mr. Peabody. "You shouldn't have to write your own ads, Mr. Peabody. You're too busy a man. But you could tell me what you want and I would do it for you."

Mr. Peabody grunted. "That's what you think. Your boss wouldn't let a good ad get in the paper these days. She says it would hurt the experiment."

"No," said Ann gently, "but we wouldn't let her know anything about the ads. I would write them, and hire an outside artist, and the bills would be sent directly to you. We would keep it a secret until the first ad ran."

"How could we keep it a secret? She'd see you working on it."

"I'd do it in my own time at night, Mr. Peabody. And the artist would come to my house and sketch the coats. I'd have the proofs sent home to me. And I would deliver them back to the newspaper myself. See?"

Mr. Peabody looked at her. "What's your game, girlie? Are you aiming to get fired?"

Please turn to page 23

**NEW SERIAL . . . delightful comedy
romance of a dashing young
Viscount's amazing marriage**

By . . .

GEORGETTE HEYER

MISS MILBORNE raised one beautiful eyebrow archly. "Do not, I beg of you, my lord, say more!" she protested severely.

Her companion, a tall young gentleman who had gone romantically down upon one knee before her chair, appeared put out by this request.

"Dash it, Isabella!" he expostulated, "I haven't started!"

"Do not!"

"But I'm about to offer for you!" said the Viscount.

"I know," replied the lady. "It is useless! Say no more, my lord!"

The Viscount arose from his knee, much chagrined.

"I must say, Isabella, I think you might let a fellow speak!" he said crossly. "And don't keep on calling me 'my lord,' as though you hadn't known me all your life!"

Miss Milborne flushed, and stiffened a little. It was perfectly true that she had known the Viscount all her life, but a dazzling career as an acknowledged beauty had accustomed her to a far more reverential mode of address than that favored by her childhood's playmate.

In some dudgeon, she gazed coldly out of the window, while her suitor took a few hasty turns about the room.

The prospect, which was of neat lawns, well-stocked flower-beds, and trim hedges, was a pleasing one, but it was not from any love of sylvan settings that Miss Milborne was at present sojourning in the country.

Her withdrawal from the metropolis some weeks previously had been in consequence of her having contracted the odiously childish complaint of measles, which had made it necessary for her to disappear from the *Polite World*.

Her Mama, quite as sensible as herself of the ridiculous nature of her indisposition, had announced her to be quite worn down by the exigencies of fashionable life, and had whisked her off to Kent in a post-chaise-and-four.

She had emerged from her sick room still a trifle pale and out of looks, so Mrs. Milborne, with admirable sense, had decided to keep her in the country until the roses should again bloom in her cheeks.

Quite a number of ardent suitors had presented themselves at Milborne House, having driven all the way from London in the hopes of being permitted a glimpse of the incomparable, but the door remained shut against them, and they were

obliged to leave their nosegays and passionate billets in the hands of an unresponsive butler.

Lord Sheringham would undoubtedly have met with the same reception had he not presumed upon his long acquaintance with the family by riding over from Sheringham Place, where he had been spending the night, and walking up through the gardens to enter the house through one of the long windows that opened on to the lawn.

Encountering an astonished footman, his lordship, very much at home, had tossed his whip and his gloves on to a table, laid his curly-brimmed beaver beside them, and demanded the master of the house.

Mr. Milborne, being quite unblessed by the worldly wisdom which characterised his spouse, had no sooner grasped the purpose of this visit than he suggested vaguely, and not very hopefully, that his lordship had better speak to Isabella himself.

"For I'm sure I don't know, Anthony," he said, looking doubtfully at the Viscount. "There's no saying what may be in their heads, no saying at all!"

Correctly divining this cryptic utterance to refer to his wife and daughter, his lordship had said: "At all events, you've no objection, sir, have you?"

"No," replied Mr. Milborne. "That is—well, no, I suppose I don't object. But you had best see Isabella for yourself!"

So the Viscount was ushered into the Beauty's presence before she had time even to draw down the blind against the too-searching light of day, and had plunged without the slightest preamble into the first offer of marriage he had ever made.

Miss Milborne found herself in the unhappy predicament of not knowing her own mind. The Viscount had been one of her acknowledged suitors for the past year, and the fact of her having known him almost from the cradle did not blind her to his charms.

He was a handsome young blade, wild enough to intrigue the female fancy, and if not as brilliant a match as the Duke of Severn, at least much more presentable—his grace being a stolid young man inclined to corpulency.

On the other hand, the Viscount was by no means so devout a lover as his friend Lord Wrotham, who had several times offered to blow his brains out, if such a violent act would afford her pleasure. In fact, the suspicion had more than once crossed Miss Milborne's mind that the Viscount had joined the throng of her admirers for no better reason than that he was never one to be out of the mode.

His professed adoration had not so far led him to abandon the pursuit of opera-dancers, or to rectify those faults of character to which Miss Milborne had more than once taken exception.

She stole a look at him under her eyelashes, and her eyes chanced to encounter his. For a moment they stared belligerently, then his lordship grinned. "Oh, deuce take it, Bella, you know I'm head over ears in love with you!"

"No, I don't," said Miss Milborne, with unexpected frankness.

Friday's Child

The Viscount's jaw dropped. "But, my dear girl!—No, really, now, Bella! Most devoted slave! Word of a gentleman, I am! Haven't I been dangling at your shoe-strings ever since I first knew you?"

"No," said Miss Milborne.

The Viscount blinked at her.

"When you first knew me," said Miss Milborne, "you said all girls were plaguey nuisances, and you called me Foxy, because you said I had foxy-colored hair."

"I did?" gasped his lordship, appalled at this heresy.

"Yes, you did, Sherry; and, what is more, you locked me in the gardener's shed, and if it had not been for Cassy Bagshot I should have been left there all day!"

"No, no!" protested his lordship feebly. "Not all day!"

"Yes, I should, because you know very well you went off to shoot pigeons with one of your father's fowling-pieces, and never gave me another thought!"

"If I hadn't forgotten that!" exclaimed Sherry. "Blew the hat off old Grimaby's head, too! He was as mad as fire! Devilish bad-tempered fellow, Grimaby! Went straight off to tell my father. When I think of the floggings that old man got me—"

Recollecting his real mission here, he left that train of thought, to add: "At all events, I liked you better than any other girl I knew!"

"No, I don't think you did," declared Miss Milborne. "In fact, if you had a preference, I think it was for Hero Wantage."

"Hero?" exclaimed the Viscount. "No, dash it all, Bella, I never thought of marrying Hero in all my life."

"No, I know that," said Miss Milborne impatiently, "but when we were children you did like her more than you liked me, or Cassy, or Eudora, or Sophy Bagshot, because she used to fetch and carry for you, and pretend she didn't mind when she got hurt by your horrid cricket balls."

SUDDENLY recalling her dignity, Miss Milborne added, "Not that it signifies, I'm sure. The truth is we should not suit, Sherry. Indeed, I am deeply sensible of the honor you have done me, but—"

"Never mind that flummery!" interrupted her suitor. "I don't see why we shouldn't deal extremely. Here's me, madly in love with you, Bella—pining away; give you my word!"

"I fancy," said Miss Milborne primly, "that it is the life you lead that is to blame for your being thin, my lord. I don't flatter myself it can be put to my account."

"Well, if that don't beat all!" exclaimed his lordship indignantly. "I should like to know who's been telling tales about me!"

"No one has been telling tales. I do not like to say it, but you must own that there is no secrecy about your conduct. And I must say, Sherry, I think if you really loved me as you say you do, you would take some pains to please me!"

"Take pains to please you! Take—No, that's too much, Bella! When I think of the way I've been dancing attendance on you, wasting my time at Almack's night after night—"

"And leaving early to go to some horrid gambling den," interpolated Miss Milborne.

The Viscount had the grace to blush, but he regarded her with a kindling eye, and said grimly: "Pray what do you know of such places, miss?"

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The Australian Women's Weekly
January 29, 1949 — Page 9



For Summer Headaches Fatigue TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE!



Enjoy Summer Fun!

Thrill to the call of the surf and sand! Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders and Tablets give quick relief from Summer Headaches, Heat Exhaustion, Fatigue, Nervous Depression and that tired, listless feeling! Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared to the original hospital prescription first used by the medical superintendent of one of Australia's largest public hospitals! When you feel down, VINCENT'S A.P.C. will lift you to bright, smiling alertness!

TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE



FOR
SUMMER
HEADACHES
HEAT
EXHAUSTION
FATIGUE
LISTLESSNESS

Genuine

**VINCENT'S
A.P.C.**

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

THE FAMOUS PINK POWDERS & TABLETS!

Grandma Wooten and the Witch

Continued from page 4

DR. MACGREGOR was ministering to Grandma Wooten as Wallace and Ellie watched.

"H'mmm," said the doctor. "Well, what do you know? Been a bad girl, eh?" He shook his head sadly. "What's coming over the world? No respect for elders."

"I tell you we didn't shoot her," insisted Wallace.

"You can't tell me who did," said Dr. MacGregor. He turned his attention back to Grandma Wooten. "Anyway," he said, "who am I to criticize? If I thought a little rock salt would keep my mother away from the bingo games—"

After the doctor left, there was a family showdown. Even Wallace aligned himself against Grandma Wooten.

"This has gone far enough," declared Wallace. "Fun's fun, but when we are accused of what that doctor thinks we did, a line must be drawn. Then there's your welfare to be considered. You haven't been able to sit comfortably since you became a part-time bird."

"It's the hazards of life these days," insisted Grandma. "I might cross the street and a bus'd hit me in the same place."

Considering this argument too specious to be dignified by an answer, Wallace stormed out of the house, resolved to do something about the situation. He went to the office of H. Allen Jones, eminent psychiatrist.

"Well, well," said Dr. Jones testily. "Which side do you represent? Do you want to put him in or keep him out?"

"Who?" asked Wallace. "Your client," said Dr. Jones. "Inasmuch as I deal only in court cases obviously you have a client. And if you have a client you're trying to prove him either sane or insane."

"This isn't a court case," said Wallace.

"Then I don't want it," snapped the psychiatrist.

"All I want you to do is reason with an old lady," pleaded Wallace. "Nobody can reason with any female," said the psychiatrist.

"Especially an old one. I'm a busy man."

"But this old lady is my mother and she insists upon being a bird," said Wallace. "What's original about that?" demanded the psychiatrist. "Before I specialized in court cases, I had patients who thought they were anything from cupcakes to benz-drine tablets."

"Well," said Wallace, "mother is a bird."

"What's that?" barked the psychiatrist.

"Part times, that is—whenever she feels like it," explained Wallace. "A neighboring witch showed her how."

"Well, well," said the doctor, pleased. "So a neighboring witch showed her how? My, my, and when you came in I thought you were just a disgustingly dull, normal person. I think I'll look into your case. I owe it to my profession to do a little field work once in a while."

"But it isn't my case," declared Wallace. "It's mother's."

"All right, all right," said Dr. Jones soothingly. "It's your mother. Come along, now, let's go talk to your wife."

Wallace took Dr. Jones home.

"Now, your son," said the psychiatrist to Grandma Wooten, "has a peculiar hallucination concerning you. He seems to think you had an encounter with a witch and she taught you how to be a bird."

"That's perfectly true," said Grandma Wooten.

"How do you mean that?" asked the doctor.

"Well, what Wallace says," said Grandma. "I did meet a witch and she did show me how to be a bird."

"Holy smoke!" gasped the psychiatrist. "A twin fixation!" He turned to Ellie, rubbing his hands. "When did you first start noticing anything unnatural?" he asked.

"The day Grandma Wooten flew out the window," said Ellie. "Right after she'd had that talk with H. K. Brock."

The psychiatrist stared at her, hardly hoping to believe his ears.

"And who," he asked, "is H. K. Brock?"

"The witch," said Ellie simply.

"Triplets!" exclaimed Dr. Jones. Then he grew cautious. "Are you sure you haven't talked to anyone else? Have you been approached by anyone?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Ellie.

"He doesn't believe us," said Grandma Wooten. "Well, I've got proof."

"Proof?" asked Dr. Jones.

"Yes," said Grandma. "I was eating cherries the other day and a farmer shot me in the tail feathers. I'll show you."

"Why bother?" Wallace said. "The easiest way would be to turn yourself into a bird. That'll show him."

"I never thought of that," said Grandma, and she turned herself into a bird.

"Gad!" said the psychiatrist. "She really is a bird."

"That's what we told you," snapped Ellie.

"And what a bird," said Dr. Jones. "I never saw a bird like that before."

"That's just it," said Ellie.

"I haven't lived in vain," said the psychiatrist. "I've always hoped that there might be something behind the stories my patients tell me."

"We didn't ask you here to admire her," stated Ellie. "We want you to cure her."

"Cure her?" gasped Dr. Jones.

"What on earth for? She's fascinating as is."

"Nevertheless," said Ellie, "you must talk her out of being a bird."

"I'd hate to do a thing like that," said Dr. Jones. "Please don't ask me."

"You must," insisted Ellie.

He shrugged and turned to Grandma Wooten.

Remember When

Continued from page 5

CADDE got a room, washed, and soon was in the little dining-room sitting down for supper. He remembered his old ambition to be able to stay at the Black Horse and afford eighteen dollars a week for board and room.

A waitress came in. Cade stood up, said, "Etta!" and shook hands with her. It was Etta Condon, who'd gone to school with him. A slender girl, homely and one hundred per cent, a fine girl.

"You're still here?" he said. She'd started as a waitress at the Black Horse as soon as she left school.

"Yes, Phil," she said, "I'm still here."

Cade growled, "But what's the matter with Brad?"

Brad Bradley and Etta had gone together at school, and it was impossible to think of them apart. Brad, a giant of a man, was in the State police, and Cade had heard that he was sergeant now.

"Oh," said Etta, her good face as placid as ever, "you know Brad. He's slow naming the date, like in everything else. Says it'll have to wait now till his next promotion, prices and all."

Cade said, "Maybe I can waken him up."

"Maybe," she said. "Brad told me you might be sent here—he's over at the headquarters they've put up at the town hall. Says you're the greatest detective in the State. But you look just the same, Phil. Hair's gone a little grey early, like your mother's did."

Cade growled, "And you! You're looking wonderful, Etta. That Brad'll make him marry you before the night's over!"

That pleased her. She went out and brought back his supper—last Sunday's chicken dinner plus some really good rolls and deep-dish apple pie.

After supper, Cade walked down to the town hall and found Brad Bradley in a room just inside the front door. Big as he was, Sergeant Brad looked fit in the grey-green uniform of the State police.

They shook hands, and Brad said, "Knew you were coming, Phil. They

"You'd better cut it out," he said. Grandma Wooten changed herself back into herself.

"I won't," she insisted.

They pleaded with her in vain for a solid hour, and then Dr. H. Allen Jones came up with a trump.

"How about that witch?" he asked. "How about H. K. Brock? What if we report her to the authorities. Being a witch is illegal."

"Oh, dear," sighed Grandma Wooten. "Our family burned her once. I wouldn't want it to happen again."

"There, you see?" said Wallace. Grandma thought a while. "But that's all nonsense," she said. "They don't burn witches any more."

"That's what you think," said the psychiatrist darkly.

"Oh, dear," sighed Grandma. "She's so nice."

They pressed their advantage and finally Grandma Wooten started to weaken. There remained in her, however, the strong Yankee urge to bargain.

"Could I go to prize fights?" she asked.

"Yes," said Wallace.

"And hockey matches, and dog races, and cockfights?"

They said yes to that.

"And will you let me buy a yellow convertible roadster with white-wall tyres?" asked Grandma Wooten.

"Yes, even that," Wallace promised.

"All right, then," said Grandma. So Boston got used to the sight of Grandma Wooten driving her yellow convertible roadster at breakneck speed through the streets.

They also noticed but did not get used to the fact that when another little old lady accompanied Grandma, all the traffic lights turned green, the yellow roadster slipped with uncanny ease through the most congested traffic, and never once were they stopped by a speed cop.

(Copyright)

just announced it on the radio."

Cade stared. "What good—"

"Publicity for the D.A.," Brad said. "We vote next week and around here anyway he'll be snowed under. He just issued a statement that you were on the way and there'd be a break in the case in twenty-four hours. The usual stall. Want to go anywhere, Phil? The motor-cycle's outside."

"No, Brad," Cade said. "You've really combed the town for the rifle?"

"Even Brody's Gulch, Phil, and you and Fair in your most devilish days never dared go down in there. I'd say the rifle isn't in town."

"You think Fair Hendlin killed him?"

"No one around here thinks Fair killed him. That's just Byrnes."

Cade turned for the door. A smile broke through his bleak, still face. "What's the idea of keeping a girl like Etta waiting all these years?"

Brad floundered. "This cop's life, Phil. Maybe when I get my next boost. And, besides, how about yourself? You never got married?"

"No girl's been waiting for me fifteen years."

"There may be now."

Cade stared at him. His stare waxed to a glare, then waned. He said, "Be here, Brad. I'll be back."

He walked down to Tipton's store, a hangout in the old days—still a hangout, he found when he stepped in the door. A half-dozen men greeted him, and old Tip, grey cap and unlighted pipe just the same, told him the radio had them all ready for him.

For a half-hour he stood a steady kidding and heard a rehash of a dozen mishaps of his youth. But no mention was made of Fair Hendlin, his old mate. These men were careful, sheltering Fair.

"Still cure your own cheese, Tip?" Cade said, and he was doing the proper thing, behind the counter sampling the big cheese, when Fair Hendlin came in.

Please turn to page 20



FRANÇOISE ROSAY (Queen) and Peter Bull (Prince George).



PRINCESS SOPHIE-DOROTHEA (Joan Greenwood) is unhappy at the Court of Hanover, following her wedding to Prince George Louis, who aspires to English throne.



STEWART GRANGER (Count Philip Konigsmark) loves Sophie.

Saraband

★ Filmed in technicolor by Ealing (England), the tragic love story of Princess Sophie-Dorothea of Hanover and Swedish Count Philip Konigsmark was adapted from Helen Simpson's novel.

★ ★ ★

The park at Blenheim Palace, where Winston Churchill was born, was used to represent the seventeenth century Hanover outdoor scenes. Others were filmed in Prague.

★ ★ ★

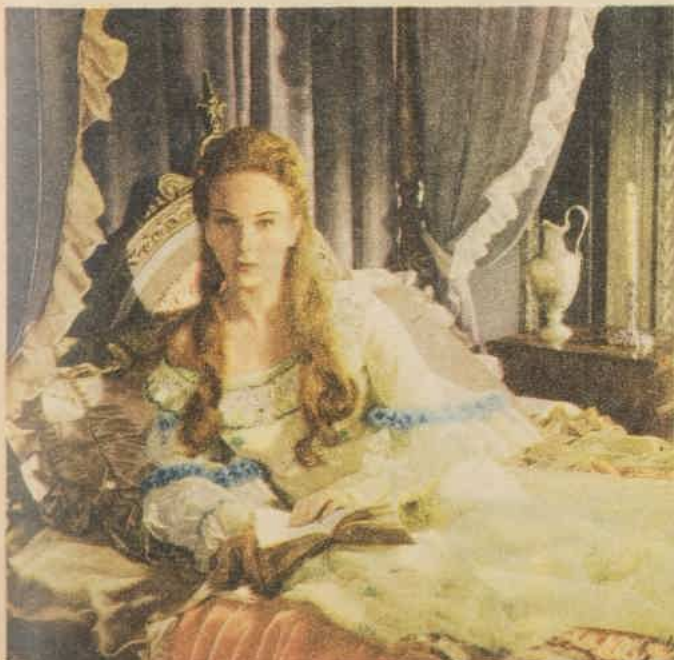
Rare silverware valued at £8000 was loaned by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Guild for a sumptuous banquet scene, but the apparently lavish food was imitation.

★ ★ ★

The film was produced by Sir Michael Balcon and directed by Basil Dearden.



APPOINTMENT as Colonel of the Guards is offered by George Louis to Konigsmark through the influence of Countess Platen (Flora Robson). Konigsmark accepts offer.



WORRIED about the long absence of Konigsmark from Hanover, Sophie-Dorothea listens at night for the sound of travellers' horses.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 29, 1949



ESCAPE PLAN arranged between Konigsmark and Sophie-Dorothea is discovered by Countess Platen. He is murdered and Sophie banished from the Court forever.

Page 11

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

THE LATEST SUPER-FAST CREAM DEODORANT

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

Mother, M.D.

answers an urgent call...



There are times in every home when mother is called upon to be the family "doctor of medicine." When serious illness is suspected, it is a case for the physician. But for simple, everyday disorders, it is to "Mother M.D." that the whole family looks for help.

It is for just such emergencies that Nyal Family Medicines are intended. Nyal medicines are *not* intended to replace the expert care and advice of your physician. They are designed for the safe, dependable treatment of the small, but upsetting, illnesses which visit every home.

It is a wise precaution to have a well-stocked medicine cabinet. It is also a wise precaution to look for the name "Nyal" whenever you buy a medicine. Your chemist will tell you that there is a Nyal Medicine for almost every ordinary ailment—each one safe, effective and, above all, dependable. Whenever you buy a medicine, play safe. Ask your chemist to suggest the appropriate NYAL Family Medicine.

Sold only by Chemists

NYAL
FAMILY MEDICINES

**KEEP THESE IN YOUR
MEDICINE CABINET**



NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA gives prompt relief from stomach upsets. It corrects acidity and wind, and has a mildly laxative effect. Nyal Milk of Magnesia is specially sweetened and flavored to make it pleasant to take. It is equally good for children or adults. 1/6.



NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP is specially prepared for infants and children. It contains wholesome ingredients which quickly soothe irritating coughs. Nyal Baby Cough Syrup is pleasant-tasting, and can safely be given to children from two months old. 1/6.



NYAL FIGSEN is a gentle-acting laxative suitable for children, and just as effective for adults. Figsen contains figs, senna and cascara—it ends constipation without pain or discomfort. All chemists sell Nyal Figsen.



PANNIERS GIVE HIP INTEREST to a summer-weight bluebell-blue woollen coat worn by Dorothy Collins. The three-quarter sleeves are interesting.



THE flat rounded collar is important in this youthful smoke-gray cloth coat. It is double-breasted, and has horizontal rows of stitching around the skirt. Big buttons form trimming.

Morale-building at Geelong mill

ONE of Australia's oldest wool manufacturing firms, Victoria Woollen Mills, at Geelong, Victoria, has a novel morale-builder for employees.

Each year it holds an outdoor parade of clothes manufactured from materials employees have woven, at which almost the entire audience is composed of mill-hands eager to see how the materials they have woven look as finished articles.

The parade is held in the picturesque garden of the mill.

At the end of the show various departments of the mill select candidates to compete in an inter-mill mannequin contest, when entrants choose the coat they most covet from those shown in the parade and wear it. Prize is the coat.

Judges for the last contest were three of the mill's oldest hands, all of whom have seen more than 50 years' service.



BOXY LINE is used for a coat made of Princess Margaret tartan, which combines dark green, scarlet, blue, and white. Coat is worn by Margaret Howard.



CORDING is clever trimming on three-quarter-length raglan sleeves and on front of a drowsy-pink lightweight woollen coat. Straight in front, coat flares at side and at back.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 29, 1949



VOLU MINOUS lines are a feature of this heavy-weight moss-green coat made with a scalloped yoke and cuffs with rounded turn-back.



Men adore her... her bewitching

skin loveliness can be yours with Rexona's gentle care.

Pure and flawless complexion comes from glowing skin health. Gently medicated Rexona Soap tones your skin and cleanses away impurities that may cause distressing blemishes. Rexona's secret is Cady — an exclusive preparation containing Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth, all proven aids to complexion loveliness.

GIVE YOURSELF A DAILY FACIAL... A DAILY BEAUTY BATH

WITH



Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP

FOR NATURAL
SKIN LOVELINESS

X.95.WW1022

Beauty Routine for Every Woman "FAIR and FIT in FOURTEEN DAYS" by Carolyn Earle

The Australian Women's Weekly Beauty Expert.
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS & BOOKSTALLS AT 2/6.




Sold everywhere
in bottles and tubes



Shu-Milk

THE PERFECT
WHITE SHOE
CLEANER



"Hollywood-Maxwell"
brassieres by

Berlei

"AS WORN BY THE STARS"

"Hollywood-Maxwell"

Australia's most asked for brassiere

Continuous whirlpool stitching—row after row of it—
gives the beauty Nature intended. Faultless support, perfect separation
—even after countless laundings.

Extremes

When Paris designers create such extreme fashions as those shown here, they enjoy themselves hugely, and from just such extremes stem the fashion trends adopted by the average woman. Back fullness, boots, and side drapes are trends shown here.



● With lavish abandon Jeanne Lafaurie gathers a huge swathe of black jersey to one side, lets it fall from neck to hem, then doubles it back to the nipped waistline.



● Schiaparelli, with her flair for the unusual, sponsors the boot craze, current in London, New York, and Paris, styles them with leopard trim or with high tops.



● Heavy emphasis on one hip with a huge pocket is new on a draped skirt, and Jeanne Lafaurie adds panther trim at neckline, on pocket, and on hat.

● Bringing great hoops of plaid taffeta to the back of a straight skirt, Schiaparelli fashions them into fantail skirt, at right, with black jersey top.



● Tier upon tier of light, black woollen is used by Christian Dior to make his exaggerated swirling skirt, which has established a trend for back fullness.

● Varying the more general everything-to-the-back trend, Schiaparelli loops black moire into enormous bows in front of elaborate evening gown, at left



ALWAYS CRISP AND DELICIOUS

**Whole Wheat
becomes
Vita-Weat
baked by
Peek Frean**



Thousands of Australian families make Vita-Weat their daily crispbread... because it is perfectly prepared, perfectly baked, and perfectly delicious! Here you see it crisp and golden from Peek Frean's modern ovens, ready to pack in hygienically-sealed tins.



EAT...

and keep slim

Health and slenderness go hand in hand when you make Vita-Weat your daily Crispbread. Nourishing, crisp, sustaining, yet non-fattening Vita-Weat keeps you slim and fit.



From the sun-rich wheatfields of Australia comes the golden glory of the grain, staple diet of mankind, and source of abundant health. In Peek Frean's modern factory, the whole-wheat is specially prepared, then baked to crisp perfection by experienced bakers. You'll enjoy Vita-Weat, for its delicious crispness and appetising flavour. Vita-Weat is perfect with every meal and its satisfying nourishment will not add a single unwanted ounce to the figure. To keep fit within and slim without, make Peek Frean's Vita-Weat your daily crispbread.

Peek Frean's

Vita-Weat
(REGD.)

CRISP BREAD

Theatre is first love of author Ngaio Marsh

Celebrated N.Z. writer of whodunits on visit with student players

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

World-famous writer of detective stories, New Zealander Ngaio Marsh is "Mum" to all the young members of the Canterbury Student Players. The Players, a group of young New Zealand university actors, are visiting Australia, and Miss Marsh is their president and producer.

"We call her 'Mum' because we're all so fond of her," Rodney Kennedy, officer of adult education at Otago University and one of the touring company's character actors, said.

"SHE'S quite electrifying as a producer and extremely efficient. As well, she has a terrific warmth of humanity."

Bill Scannell, another member of the Players, added: "When she takes a rehearsal you know that she's done all her thinking beforehand."

"She's got everything at her finger-tips, and goes right ahead getting the effect she wants."

I watched Ngaio Marsh taking a rehearsal of "Othello," and saw exactly what Bill Scannell meant.

Though she has won fame as a novelist, Ngaio Marsh's first love is the theatre.

She has been producing the Canterbury Players for six years, and in recognition of her work she was last year awarded an O.B.E.

Canterbury University College recently elected her as Honorary Lecturer in Drama.

She loves young people, would sooner produce for them than for more mature players.

"Young people are extremely co-operative, enthusiastic, quick to absorb ideas," she says.

"No producer could ask for better than a young group to work with. Apart from that, I like their company."

Tall, slim, and lithe, Ngaio Marsh has widely spaced, magnificent eyes of a soft grey-blue. Her slender hands are capable and expressive. Her whole appearance is unusual and distinguished.

She is a heavy smoker, speaks decisively in a deep, clear voice, likes slacks better than dresses, writes her books in longhand—usually late at night—and will be fifty this year.

Can't do sums

NGAIO MARSH disposes of the theory that an author of first-rate thrillers must have a mathematical brain.

"I can work out plots and tie up all the ends, but I can't do the simplest sums," she says.

"Choosing the names of the characters you write about is one of the nicest things about being an author."

"I always make a point of keeping the most pleasant-sounding name for the murderer. As he or she is bound to come to an unpleasant end, it seems the very least the author can do," she said.

"All the people in my books have names that seem in some way descriptive of or particularly suited to their characteristics."

That of Roderick Alleyn, the fascinating chief detective-inspector hero of her 15 novels, was chosen after she had seen a painting by Richard Alleyn hanging in the Dulwich Art Gallery in England.

"Alleyn is a fairly common name in England, and Roderick just seemed to go with it," Ngaio Marsh explains.

A great deal of her mail, and she says she receives a lot—concerning Roderick Alleyn and his life, both professional and domestic.

"At one time people wanted to know when or if he was going to marry," Miss Marsh said. "Now that he has, they want to know when he and Troy are going to have a baby."



NGAIO MARSH dictates to her secretary, Pamela Mann, who has been chosen to go to the Old Vic School to study as a producer.

She says that she doesn't even try to keep abreast of authors writing in the same field.

"Imagine finding out that someone else had got in before you with the idea for your next book," she said.

For her own enjoyment she reads and re-reads the Sherlock Holmes stories, written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the turn of the century.

"I don't think either the plots or the methods of detection would stand up to-day," she said. "But the writing gives me the greatest pleasure."

Of modern detection writers she likes Margery Allingham and South Australian professor Michael Innes.

Ngaio Marsh has been in turn art student—she studied at Canterbury University College—touring company actress, the co-proprietor of an interior decorating shop, and novelist.

"As a girl I toured New Zealand for two years as a member of the Alan Wilkie Company," she said.

"But my love of theatre goes back even further than that. I wrote and produced my first play when I was seven."

"It was performed in the bay window of our sitting-room, with an all-rou in cast, and our families for audience."

At school, Ngaio Marsh continued to write plays which were acted by her class-mates at end-of-term.

"I never paint now, but, having been an art student, I'm rather useful at painting scenery and designing costumes," she said.

With Pamela Mann, her secretary, a Canterbury University College graduate, Miss Marsh lives in a



DISTINGUISHED WRITER of detective stories Ngaio Marsh. She is here from New Zealand as producer to a group of young university actors.



DURING REHEARSAL BREAK Ngaio Marsh talks with leading lady of touring Canterbury Student Players, Brigid Lenthall (seated), and Pamela Mann.

spacious house at Casemere Hills, on the outskirts of Christchurch.

In addition, the household comprises an Irish housekeeper, who's been with Ngaio Marsh for years, a number of cats, a collection of cacti.

"They're just cats," their owner says. "No special sort, but they're highly intelligent. The names of the two permanent ones are Matilda and Tobit."

As well as topping thriller sales lists in England and America, Ngaio Marsh's novels have been translated into most European languages.

Penguin Books will shortly bring out a new edition of her detective stories to be called "Marsh Millions."

"My father was an Englishman, my mother a New Zealander," Ngaio Marsh said. "When it came to selecting a name for me, the only child, they chose a Maori word, Ngaio, pronounced Ny-oh."

"According to the way you feel about it, it can mean either 'little bug,' 'light upon the water,' 'bright,' or 'little flower.'"

It was on her first visit to England, when she was in partnership with

the Hon. Mrs. Tahu Rhodes as an interior decorator, that Ngaio Marsh read her first detective story—brought home from the library by mistake.

Deciding there was nothing to the writing of detective thrillers, Miss Marsh set out to prove she could turn out a story equally as good as, if not better than, the one she had read.

"What a mistake I made!" she said. "I think the writing of a detective story is one of the most difficult things a writer can undertake."

"Not only do you have to write to a very definite, neat, and compact pattern—with beginning, end, and middle—but you have to make yourself familiar with a tremendous amount of technical detail before starting."

"In that respect, detective story writing is like being a barrister."

"My own books are written around the people in them," Miss Marsh said. "First I get the characters, next I think of what sort of crime might be committed when they all begin to get on each other's nerves."

She says she has never put a real person in a book, or written about herself.

As a murder-writer she gets her ideas from all sorts of sources. She wrote "Died in the Wool" after staying on a sheep property.

"It seemed to me so very possible for a body to be hidden in a woolpress," she said.

"My own idea of a practically fool-proof murder would be for one member of a shooting party to shoot another. Unless evidence showing a strong motive were uncovered, the murderer might very well get away with his explanation of an accident," she said.

Having written finish to a whodunit, the author's job is by no means ended.

"We are asked by our publishers to submit about 12 alternative titles," she said.

"That covers titles the publishers mayn't like, titles that have been used before, and titles that for some reason it's better not to use."

AUSTRALIA DAY

BY Australia Day next year there will be some 100,000 new citizens to celebrate the arrival of the First Fleet. That is the number of migrants who, it is estimated, will arrive here this year.

The wild, bush-fringed shore on to which Captain Phillip stepped on that first Australia Day has become a land of promise to thousands of people overseas who dwell in the rubble of the last war and fear of the next.

Australia needs new people now as much as she did when the first settlements were being pushed out from her coasts by the enterprise and hard work of the pioneers.

She needs them to solve her supply problems, save her pastures from rabbits and erosion, conserve her water, mine her coal, build roads and homes and hospitals, and develop her great possibilities.

Already the arrivals of the last year or two are working in canefields, hospitals, timber mills.

They must be regarded as potential builders of houses as well as occupiers of them.

How long it will be before they join in the Australia Day celebrations with a real feeling of affection and appreciation will depend to a large extent on the welcome and co-operation they find here.

Australia through all her history has been a land of hard work and now Australians, both new and native, must join in the drive for greater production.

Only thus can Australia fair continue to advance.

Australian typist's year of work in Paris

From BETTY NESBIT in London

Enjoying a much-needed holiday in Gloucestershire, in England, is 22-year-old Australian Judy Wilson, who for a year has been a "white-collar girl" in Paris.

Most of the time Judy's salary was 20,000 francs a month—about £5 sterling a week—a fair wage under normal conditions, but it meant skilful budgeting to meet high living costs in Paris.

JUDY, whose mother is Dr. Ellen Kent Hughes, of Armidale, N.S.W., is a graduate of Sydney University. She found it a lot easier to work in Paris than most English people would because she speaks fluent French, fluent enough to excite the usually uncomplimentary French (when it comes to a foreigner speaking their language) into ecstatic phrases such as "Your accent is charming, are you really Australian?"

This was Judy's budget on 5000 francs (£5) a week. It cost her 1000 francs a day to live. That's about £1. Meals out (lunch and dinner) cost 10/- a day; and board, fares, laundry, mail, sundry expenses, and tickets for a concert or theatre occasionally took up the other 10/-.

Things like dry cleaning were expensive. For instance, it cost 12/- to have a summer frock dry-cleaned.

Even so, her 20,000 francs is a great deal more than the average wage of French stenographers.

"At that rate," said Judy ruefully, "I was living beyond my means and dipping into my savings."

"I certainly didn't have much left over to buy the glorious clothes and bits and pieces in the Paris shops."

"It was maddening to see so many lovely things and not be able to buy any of them."

But to Judy, the girl who had worked hard to perfect herself in French, just being in Paris was almost as good as buying lots of gay clothes.

There were lovely Sunday afternoon walks along the banks of the Seine, browsing over books and pictures on the quayside bookstalls on the Left Bank, sitting in the cool of the evening under the awning of one of the hundreds of open-air cafes and watching Paris wander by.

There were concerts, too. The best musicians in Europe are to be heard in Paris, and the most recent Judy heard was Leon Purtwangler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.

Occasionally in her job as secretary in the Paris office of a big London daily newspaper Judy used to get free tickets for the dress shows.

And there were nights at the glorious Paris Opera House, where tickets even for one of the plush-covered loges are reasonably priced and gallery tickets are not much more than a bus fare.

Judy had a small apartment, but because it had no cooking facilities she had to have all her meals out.

The woman who owned the flat where her room was brought her breakfast.

Breakfast was a cup of black coffee and a roll and some Australian marmalade from a parcel from home.

"The butter and margarine ration was so small it practically didn't exist, but lately it was increased," Judy said.

"This sort of breakfast wasn't exactly what I was used to at home. I often thought of porridge, real milk, eggs, and bacon."

"My apartment was on the seventh floor, and as lifts in Paris can't be used to descend, I walked down the seven flights."



JUDY WILSON, Australian girl who worked in Paris. Twelve prints of this portrait taken by the photographic department at U.N.O. had to be attached to various papers and passes issued to her as a typist working at the Palais de Chaillot.

"I always felt like a corkscrew when I got to the bottom. Twice a week I used to have to walk up because of electricity cuts."

"Before leaving I said good morning to the concierge and collected my letters."

"My Australian stamps were always in great demand. I used to share them out between the concierge and the policeman on duty outside U.N.O."

The secretarial job was Judy's first in Paris, but later she decided she wanted to see U.N.O. from the inside, and for two months worked as one of the hundreds of typists who put on record the millions of words spoken by representatives of the nations of the world.

"I was in the English Typing Pool Official Records Division."

"We took dictation from the press workers and translators who had been at the various committee meetings. These were checked and im-

proved on, and then sent back to us to be retyped."

"When the record of the meeting was compiled it was sent to the editors to be checked again. Then we made stencils, which had to be re-read and re-checked before they were sent to be rolled off."

"The stencilled copies were then sent around to the various delegations, who made further corrections, then to proof-readers, and finally the printers."

"Translations, summary records, and verbatim reports were then packed and shipped off to Lake Success."

"I found I was always much too busy to go into the General Assembly and listen to any of the speeches," she said. "We just typed and typed."

"We worked eight hours a day six days a week, with Sunday free, and worked on the night shifts from 5 p.m. till 2 a.m. or 7 p.m. to 4 a.m."

"I earned more while working at U.N.O. about £30 a month, more than £1 a day, so for the first time I was able to balance my accounts."

"We used electronic typewriters specially brought over from America."

"They make you type much quicker, and are supposed to cause less fatigue."

"I caught the Metro to the U.N.O. Assembly at the Palais de Chaillot. With the increase in bus fares only the rich can afford to ride in buses."

"I bought several newspapers to see what was happening at U.N.O."

"I had to walk some distance from the Metro station to the Palais, and even on cold winter mornings I never lost the excitement of the sight before me as I came out of the station."

"There was the golden dome of Les Invalides rising out of the mist, and the Eiffel Tower with its head in the clouds, and the bridges leaning across the Seine, with Notre Dame in the background."

"When I got to the barricade outside the Palais I showed my pass to the gendarme and joined the crowds waiting for the lifts."

"Usually I had my lunch in the U.N.O. canteen. Here staff members could eat at the special rate of 200 francs (4/- sterling). They weren't very good meals either."

"The whole Palais was heated almost to suffocation point and it made our throats dry and sore."

"But it was fun. I met lots of amusing people. The Americans, English, and a quick-witted Jamaican girl who used to keep us laughing in the long night shifts."

"Then there was our star typist, an American negro, who used to look oddly out of place among all the white-collar girls."

"He was the only male typist, and had a speed of more than 80 words. He used to make those electric machines literally fly."

Judy is now planning to see what life holds for a "white-collar girl" in London.

Interesting People



MR. STANLEY CLARKSON
... London success

SINGING with Sadler's Wells Opera Company during present season is Sydney bass Mr. Stanley Clarkson. With his wife and three daughters he left here almost three years ago. Advises the ambitious to go to London only if backed by enough money for two years' living and tuition. "Young people beset by financial worries cannot do their best," he says. Considers himself lucky to be a bass, as true bass voices are comparatively rare.



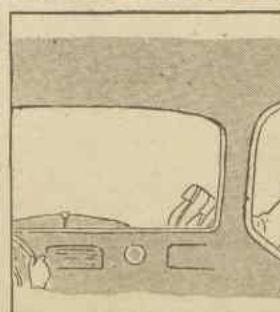
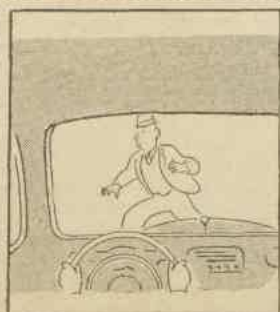
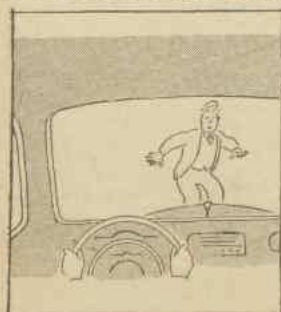
MATRON GWEN BURBIDGE
... American honor

RARE honor of Fellowship in Rockefeller Foundation of America has been awarded Matron Burbidge, of Fairfield Infectious Diseases Hospital, Melbourne. In past years she has been granted Fellowship as nurse to hold London Diploma of Hospital Administration and Sister Tutor Diploma of London University. She is Federal president of Florence Nightingale Committee.



BRIGADIER I. R. CAMPBELL
D.S.O. and Bar

... military appointment
HIGH military family tradition is maintained by Brigadier Ian Campbell, newly appointed commander of 34th Brigade Group and Director of Infantry. A Dunsmuir graduate, he left Australia with first contingent of 2nd A.I.F., served in Western Desert, Greece, and Syria, was taken prisoner and held in Germany for four years. First occupant of present post, created to meet needs of post-war Army. Father was Brigadier-General Gerald Campbell.



FANNY PRACTISES HER FLYING TECHNIQUE



FLYING START for Fanny as she springs away from the starting line.



HIGH KICK, tongue in teeth, and Fanny's half way over the hurdle.



OVER SHE GOES, body streamlined for speed, hands out to keep balance.



IN MID-AIR. Wonder woman of sport, Fanny Blankers-Koen has trained hard to succeed. At Sydney Sports Ground, before hurdling, she jogged round the oval four times, brushing her unruly hair back from her face. Then she stood with feet astride, did a few brisk exercises and a Charlotte Greenwood act, flinging one leg sharply to the side, then the other. During the work-out she was never really extended, although she put effort into the starts, dashing out as her husband clapped his hands, imitating the starting gun. When she did this her face was screwed up with effort and concentration. Over hurdles she rose easily, right leg first, left tucked well up, then coming forward smartly. Her outfit is navy, spiked shoes are orange-red. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Dabinett.



TOUCHDOWN, and left leg over for the sprint to the second hurdle.

Remember When

EVERY man greeted Hendlin, too quickly, perhaps, but their friendliness and loyalty were so honest it was good to hear.

Fair was as tall as Cade and wider in the shoulders, carelessly dressed in dungarees and leather jacket over an open blue shirt. He wore no hat, and his hair was light—close to flax in its lightness. His thin, handsome face was very mobile.

Cade, watching him, caught the old magic.

"Hello, Fair," he said, and held out his hand.

Fair said, "You're the one I rushed down to see. Phil. Soon as it came over the air."

"Big cattleman, hey?" Cade said. "Not so big, Phil. Oh, Tip! Give me a pack of the usual, will you?" Tip tossed him a pack of cigarettes. Cade took one. Fair another. Fair held a match. "Let's get out and have a talk, shall we, Phil? Car's outside, if you want to go anywhere."

Cade followed Fair out of the store and a few steps down the street. Fair stopped beside a new silver sports car.

Then Fair, standing there, really startled him. Without any preliminary, Fair said, his voice tight, "Remember when I saved your life, Phil, on the lake?"

Cade said, "Yes, I remember it. Why?"

"I just wanted to be sure you remembered," Fair said, and now he was leaning back against the car easy and relaxed.

Cade thought, "That's a heck of a thing for the most modest guy in the world to say. Maybe he's asking for mercy. Maybe he's innocent, though—just asking a step to Weld Byrnes' hounding."

Whatever it was, Cade picked it up. It was the opening he needed. He took hold of it.

He said, "But the thing I remember best, though, Fair, is the time you dared me to swing up to the ledge over Brody's Gulch and see the secret cave you found. That's the time I was really scared. Remember that cave, Fair?"

Fair's voice came slow and negligent: "Of course I remember it, Phil. And if you were scared, it's news to me."

Cade's heart leaped, watching the lazy smile on the handsome face. Fair admits the cave, which no one knows about but us. Fair's innocent—there's no rifle in the cave.

Fair went on: "But you're still weak on directions, I see, Phil. You never did know north from south." He stopped then as if the matter was of no importance. He opened the door of the long car and said:

Does MIDDLE AGE spoil your FUN?

Do you feel that because you're over 40 you can't get the same kick out of life? Always tired, listless, worried? Don't blame your age. There's no reason why advancing years should rob you of enjoyment. Try taking WINEARNIS. From the very first sip you'll start to pick up. WINEARNIS is such a splendid tonic. A blending of carefully selected wines, with added nourishing ingredients which strengthen the nerves and fortify the body. Try WINEARNIS right away. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men are positive proof of its high value as a tonic. Your chemist has WINEARNIS. Get a bottle today. WINEARNIS... the Wine of Life.

IS YOUR NAME LINDA?

If so, you may be the person for whom the Public Trustee for Victoria is looking. The Public Trustee is the administrator of the estate of Ethel Crozier deceased, one of whose close relatives had the christian name Linda and was born in or about 1898. Any person having any information with regard to this missing relative should communicate with the Public Trustee, 412 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

Continued from page 10

"Come on out to the house, Phil. I've got a hundred things—"

Cade said, "To-morrow, Fair, if you're not going to be busy. But what's this about directions?"

Fair closed the car door.

"Why that cave, Phil—you ought to remember that wasn't over Brody's Gulch. It was on the Cornish side of the mountain."

Cade had never been on the Cornish side of the mountain in his life. To him it had always been the other side of the mountain—foreign soil.

He nodded and said, "That's so. I was always weak on directions, as you say. Remember the time I ran the ball over our own goal line in the Albion game?" So the rifle was hidden in the cave. Fair had killed Dale Beauregard.

Cade said, "We'll punch the bag plenty to-morrow, Fair, if you have time. Right now I have to go down to the town hall and check things over with Brad Bradley. You know something, Fair? That son of a gun hasn't married Etta yet."

"I know," Fair said, opening the door of the car again. "And there's one girl who deserves the best."

Cade said, "I think I'll prod him up again when I go down there now. I'll really let him have it this time. Well, Fair, it's great to have seen you, and look for me to-morrow."

"You bet I'll be looking for you," Fair said.

Cade walked slowly towards the town hall. By half-circling to a store window now and then, he watched the car. Its progress down the street was unhurried. But when it turned out of sight and began the hill, he heard it accelerate to great speed. He started to run.

At the town hall he said, "Fast, Brad—hop the cycle. Got your gun?" He tumbled into the side-car. "The halfway house."

The two-mile stretch up to the half-way house was a dirt road winding and rather less than car-wide. The moon was good, but shadows of lining trees and bushes hid the holes.

At the flat parking area behind the skeleton of a house that was called half-way, Cade said, "Shove the cycle into the bushes, Brad," and went running for the trail.

On the trail both men kept stumbling. Once Brad, off his feet, panted, "We'll be killed without a light, Phil."

Cade said, "Neither of us have families—you had a fifteen-year chance with Etta."

After a while, Cade left the trail and fought through brush straight up the mountain slope. He halted below an overhang of ledge and waited for Brad to catch up.

"Lucky, Brad," he said. Then: "Listen!" A motor sounded, coming up the road.

Brad said, "Who is it?"

Cade answered: "Fair Hendlin. His rifle's up here, I think, in a cave." He reached up and pulled himself on to the ledge, then helped Brad up. He crept along the ledge to where it shelved wide to overhang Brody's Gulch.

"Somewhere along here, behind a fall of rock," he said, "there's a small opening to a fair-sized cave. We have to find it."

He groped along. The moonlight, helping, was tricky just the same. Three times he crept back and forth along the ledge, feeling for the cave. When at last he found it, the motor no longer sounded below.

Cade said, "He'll show up in a few minutes—he's left the parking place. We'll have to climb higher."

They climbed off the ledge into brush above the cave. When Brad was in position, Cade said, "We'll wait till he goes in and gets the rifle. I'll make the first move." He moved a dozen steps to Brad's left, flattened himself, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket.

Bushes began to swish and crack below. In a few minutes Fair Hendlin showed, walking along the ledge.

Suddenly he ducked down, stretched, and was gone into the cave. It seemed only seconds before he was out again and on his feet, the rifle in his hand. Then he did something that Cade hadn't figured on. He raised the rifle,



pushed it high and back over his shoulder. He was going to throw it into Brody's Gulch. Brody's Gulch, that he knew had been gone over with a fine-toothed comb and wouldn't be searched again.

Brad was the nearer.

"Stop him," Cade yelled, as Hendlin raised the rifle.

But Brad had beaten his yell. His big body was hurtling down and it folded around Fair like a collapsing tent.

Cade had covered a few yards toward them when he stopped. Fair, not Brad, was on his feet. Fair reached down. He began to drag Brad to the rim of the ledge. To drop him into Brody's Gulch?

Cade advanced his pistol and fired. Fair half-raised, slumped, and slid across Brad.

Cade dropped down to the ledge. He rolled Fair off Brad and said, "You conscious, Brad?"

Brad said, "Landed on my head. My leg's broken, I guess."

Cade knelt beside Fair. He'd hit Fair in the chest, and Fair was dying. He slid an arm under Fair and raised the tow-head a little, holding it cradled in his arm.

Fair's lips began to move. The lips formed words, almost soundless words. "I want to confess—whoever you are. I killed Dale Beauregard. I had no reason. Just hate." The lips stopped moving and the twisting left the face. Cade thought that life was gone.

But the blue eyes opened and he

saw a flash of recognition in them. The lips moved again, without the twisting now—as if amazement was strength enough. The lips said, "You, Phil! Went still. Stared again. 'You had little to do...'"

Cade waited. There was no more. These were Fair Hendlin's last words. When he was sure Fair was dead, Cade eased the flax-white head down on the rocks.

He took off his coat and put it over Brad. He said, "The keys, Brad?"

Brad said, "In the cycle. And I'm all right."

Cade moved swiftly along the ledge and swung down into the brush. He was careful through the brush, but on the trail he ran his best. Fair Hendlin's new car stood in the middle of the parking area, and the key was in the ignition. Cade jumped in and drove the big car down the mountain road. He almost wrecked it on every turn.

Eating breakfast next morning at the Black Horse, Cade read in the morning paper a strictly Weld Byrnes version of the night.

The district attorney was in every paragraph and in every picture. He'd be re-elected next week by fifty thousand easy.

Etta came in with a cup of coffee. Cade pointed to a picture in the paper, a picture of Brad Bradley marrying Etta from a hospital bed, with Weld Byrnes blotting out the minister in the background.

He said, "According to this, Cupid Byrnes convinces pretty Etta Con-

don she ought to marry heroic sergeant right away. Isn't that the case before the horse?"

Etta, a woman, said, "I don't see what's so wrong with it. And, Phil, that Mr. Byrnes is certainly a wonderful man!"

"What got Brad started?" "I don't know. He wanted to get married the minute he came out of the anaesthesia—"

"I should have broken his leg years ago," Cade said, and stood up. "Well, good-bye, Etta. I have to get a plate waiting to take me to a case across the State."

Etta stepped around in front of him. "You're not leaving Phil without seeing Jane Beauregard?"

Cade said, "Seeing Jane?"

"She's always asked about you. And now you've solved Dale's—"

"Sure, sure," Cade said and tried to step around her. He'd thought more than enough about what she was talking about. He had a good chance now, of course—the only one left of the three. But the thought left a bad taste in his mouth.

Etta laid him by the hand. "Don't be a fool, Phil!" she said. "Go out there and see her."

Cade drew his hand away. Fair Hendlin was speaking to him again, speaking with the last drop of a great reproach, and—as best he could—Cade was answering Fair now as he said, "I'd have little to do, doing a thing like that, Etta."

Turning quickly away, he walked out to the waiting car.

(Copyright)



It seems to me....

WHEREVER you go among women at present the conversation is likely to turn on washing-machines.

Though they're not new, they appear to be creating far more excitement in the suburbs than they ever did before the war, although in America they've been commonplace for many years.

Possibly the reason is that previously wages for someone to do the washing were much less and commercial laundry charges were lower.

Quite violent arguments rage on the respective merits of the various models.

Though I don't own one myself I can argue along with the rest, being inclined to support the claims of a kind owned by a relative, thereby exhibiting a common human failing.

The advertisements for some, which appear to do everything but peg the clothes out—and that, doubtless, will come—are pleasurable reading.

These, and the machines which wash dishes, make me look forward to the invention of some machine into which we business women can climb in the morning, press a switch, and emerge bathed, hair set, nails painted, and face made up complete with pleasant smile.

PROPOS washing-machines and similar aids, a Sydney woman doctor who returned from America was reported as saying that labor-saving devices were ruining the American housewife and that she didn't have enough to do.

That is a state of affairs that is a long way off in Australia, as the price of the various devices puts them beyond the reach of a good many housewives.

Nor can I think that a housewife, especially one with children, couldn't find something better to do with time than formerly went in heavy washing or dish-washing.

Most women with children work pretty solidly from morning till night. Apart from dressmaking, knitting, and other home activities that are now squeezed into odd corners of time, a woman could learn carpentry or a foreign language.

But there, I expect no Australian woman needs anyone to tell her what she could do with time saved by household gadgets—though, might I suggest, if she lives by the sea she could go fishing.

Or sit down and have a rest, and a nice cup of tea.

NOW that the poor unfortunate Park couple of Glasgow have had their sentence commuted to life imprisonment, the indignation and sympathy for them have died down—but the sentence is still cruelly harsh.

When this pathetic couple, overcome with shame because their 15-year-old daughter was pregnant, tried to gas themselves and their five children they provided a terrible commentary on our society where the birth of an illegitimate child is still so widely regarded as disgraceful.

Better-off people could have found some solution, but they, living in the notorious Gorbals slums, clinging to "respectability" with fierce pride, tried to shield themselves and their children in death, and three of the children died.

It is perhaps something that the indignation of people all over the English-speaking world over-rode the Appeal Judges, who had let the sentence of death stand. But it isn't enough.

The Park family were victims of circumstance, if ever people were. The tragic solution of the parents was a wrong one, that no one would attempt to defend.

But to keep them in prison for life is wicked. Poor wretches, they are no menace to society. Their fellow human beings owe them redress, not punishment.



Dorothy Drain

A READER who signs herself "R.M.H." has written to the Editor asking why only men are called on to propose and respond to wedding toasts.

She wrote: "I know that it is considered womanly and feminine to sit all coy and blushing while husbands go on and on with reminiscences, not once, but thrice."

"At a golden wedding recently the 'bride,' a leader of many years in war and church work, at last asked permission to speak, and gave the best speech of all. But the 'bridesmaid,' who was also a social leader among women, had to sit dumb while HE again eulogised his wife, and in her name thanked the company."

"At my own son's wedding recently I longed to 'be in' on the response to the parents, but no hope."

I asked our etiquette expert what she thought about it. She admitted that any authorities she had ever consulted specified male speakers for the various toasts of the wedding, and that the mysterious and ubiquitous "old friend of the family" who appears is always a man.

The reason, she believes, is simply that the tradition dates from the time when a woman was not expected to have a mind of her own, and certainly not to express it.

It's a problem that has never troubled me. After a few essays in speaking at meetings, where I rose to my feet full of fire and verve, I was assured by candid friends that I speak with so many commas, dashes, parentheses, and conjunctions that at the end of a five-minute sentence it is impossible to disentangle what I began to say.

Nevertheless, if the girls would like to speak at weddings, I don't see why not. But I'm afraid it's a matter they'll have to argue out with their husbands.

IN Britain some lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan are supporting a move to have the copyright of the operas passed to the British Government.

Cables state that the copyright on the music expires next year and on the libretto in 1961; that the late Rupert D'Oyly Carte didn't want the operas to fall into the hands of film or jazz interests, and wanted them to be owned by the nation.

To do this would need special legislation so that Parliament could protect the copyright for a longer term. Preserving the operas in this way may appeal at first to G. and S. fans, but it isn't really sound.

Works of art must survive on their own merit. Shakespeare, for instance, has had no special protection—and he has had plenty of mangling from time to time. The rebashed versions popular in the eighteenth century were finally discarded for the original text.

There is room for argument on the merits of some Shakespearean films, but others have been magnificent and gained the plays more readers than ever.

Gilbert and Sullivan still draws big audiences. But when the time comes that Sir Joseph Porter and the Duke of Plaza Toro no longer amuse people, no protection by the State will help them.

THE National Bureau of Standards in America has unveiled an atomic clock, said to be more accurate than the stars. The bureau said: "The clock promises to free man from the age-old methods of fixing time by the daily rotation of the earth on its axis."

So long the symbol of our highest hopes,
The navigator's guide, the chart of time,
The stars become but gewgaws in the sky,
A glitter to inspire a poet's rhyme.

The old earth spins away, the heavens laugh
At man in bomb-proof shelters, far from stars,
A fellow who has grown too smart by half,
Yet still is governed by the planet Mars.

THE WORLD ACCLAIMS THE AUSTIN A40



THE EXCITING Austin 'A40' Saloon is a leading car in comfort, dependability and power. The 40 b.h.p. overhead-valve 1,200 c.c. engine gives outstanding performance. Independent front suspension ensures smooth riding everywhere. Many other fine features, including exceptional roominess and ample luggage space, make the 'A40' the most popular car of the year.

AUSTIN—you can depend on it!

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South Australia: The All-British Motor House Ltd., 77 Pine Street, P.O. Box 69, ADELAIDE, S.A.
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THE AUSTIN MOTOR EXPORT CORPORATION LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGL.

Advice to Lovelorn

IF HE-MAN TACTICS... OR MEEK APPROACH...

MEET STERN REBUFS.

TRY LIFEBOUY, MISTER.

AND WATCH FORTUNES CHANGE!

Don't let "B.O." spoil your fun! Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient, gives lasting, all-over protection from "B.O."

W.130.WVWAC

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SIGNING THE REGISTER. Dr. Ted Gibson and his bride, formerly Barbara Granowski, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Granowski, at St. James' Church, Turramurra, after marriage.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S BY CAR. Major Robert Murray Jones and bride, formerly Mrs. Tom Parsons, widow of Sergeant-Pilot Tom Parsons, R.A.A.F., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry See, of Edgecliff.



SUNBAKING IN QUEENSLAND. Mrs. John Kershaw (left), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Service, of Sydney, and Gordon Chapter, of England, who is living in Sydney, holiday at Surfers' Paradise.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Frank Mussett and his bride, formerly Anne Weir, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Weir, of Murrumbidgee, leave St. John's, Ashfield, after marriage.



FOR NEW SHOW. Members of "Oklahoma!" cast, who arrive in Sydney from America on way through to Melbourne, lunch at Romano's. From top to bottom: Dixie Gladstone, Louise Barnhart, Caroline Adair, Robert Grandin, Red Knight, and Robert Reeves. "Oklahoma!" will open in Melbourne on February 19.

Intimate Greetings

WONDERFUL Spanish lace mantilla will be worn by Tania Teppema, daughter of the Minister for the Netherlands, Mr. Peter Teppema, and Madame Teppema, for her wedding with Robert Hemblys-Scales, of the War Office, London, at St. John's, Canberra, on February 18.

Tania will have all-white wedding, and the church will be decorated with white flowers. Daughter of the American Ambassador, Sandra Cowen, will be bridesmaid, and Garth Kimber, of the U.K. High Commissioner's Office in Canberra, will be best man.

Understand that Tania's family have sent out lovely linens and other trousseau items from America, South America, and Spain. Among some family heirlooms which Tania inherits is a rare antique Dutch chest.

Couple will fly to Sydney and sail for London after brief honeymoon here. Tania is thrilled at prospect of visit to London, as she hasn't been there since she was five. She has lived in South America, Spain, and Australia, and was educated in the U.S.

SAMPLE of Australian hospitality for members of Italian Opera Company when they are invited for afternoon and evening to the P. T. Kavanagh's Castle Hill home, "Wongajong." Guests are transported by car, and great excitement reigns as they pass bear farm, and one young koala comes down on a low bough to look at overseas visitors. Party greeted by hosts and their daughter, Kay Williams, and her young daughter, Margaret.

Stroll in orchard and great picking of summer fruits follow afternoon tea. As sun sets, guests sip cool drinks on terrace and watch "Kav" set up giant barbecue, and cook piles of chops and sausages, which are later consumed at tables set out on terrace. Showing versatility, Carlo Badioli sits down at piano and plays swing, while tiny Rina Malatras and husband, Ferdinando Li Donni, jitterbug. To strains of "Piniculi-Pinicula" cars leave "Wongajong" for moonlit ride back to city.

THRILL for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osbiston, of Drummoyne, when they receive news that their only daughter, Mrs. C. B. Kugler, and her husband and young son, Kim, will arrive early in February to make their home in Australia. The Kuglers will be able to personally congratulate Mrs. Kugler's brother Douglas, whose engagement to June Reading has recently been announced. Couple plan Easter wedding so all the family will be able to attend. Douglas and June will then make their home in Waverley.

MARRIAGE in New Zealand for Elizabeth Barclay, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barclay, of Naremburn. She marries Bruce Gibson at the Presbyterian Church, Gisborne. Her mother, Mrs. Barclay, sailed to be present at the ceremony.



NAVAL WEDDING. Mrs. Frank Bray leaving Hurstville Methodist Church after her marriage with Warant-Officer Frank Bray, R.N., of H.M.A.S. Shropshire. Bride formerly Phyllis Bray, of Hurstville, attendants Eileen Bacon, John Moore, flower-girl Helen Bray. Frank is from Portsmouth, England. He is distant relative of bride.



TOAST FOR BRIDE AND GROOM. Bill de Meyrick of Casula, and his bride, formerly Betty Watson, drink a toast to each other at reception at Carlton Hotel after marriage at Riverview Chapel. Glasses were used by Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Watson, to drink toasts at their own wedding.

JANUARY is month chosen by lots of pretty brides for their weddings. Jean Harris, of West Ryde, marries Jack Barden at St. Anne's, Strathfield. Couple honeymoon in Blue Mountains, and leave on January 27 to make their home in Jack's home town, Hastings, New Zealand. Honeymoon at Kilmuir for Leonie and Bill Edmunds. Couple recently wed at St. Luke's, North Sydney, and bride formerly Leonie Paine, of Cammeray. Guard of honor of T-squares formed by fellow architects for Marjorie White and Peter Simpson when they marry at Manly Presbyterian Church.

DOUBLE celebration when Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sessions, of Gunnedah, entertain 50 guests at their home to celebrate coming-of-age of their daughter Val and the announcement of her engagement to R. P. (Kelly) Campbell.

TAKING in a round of sight-seeing and catching up with lot of old friends is Mrs. Parker Reeves, formerly Gwenth Richards, who is visiting Australia with her husband, who has 60 days' leave, and two small boys, Andrew and John, from their home in Port Knox, Kentucky. Gwen tells me they celebrated with a white Christmas at Port Knox, and boarded a plane in time to arrive in Sydney to spend New Year's Eve with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Richards. It is Col. Reeves' first visit to Australia, as he and Gwen met during the war days when she had a job with the War Shipping Administration with Admiral Halsey's headquarters in New Caledonia.

The Reeves family is at present holidaying at the Laura home of the Richards, and taking in the sights of the Blue Mountains and Jenolan Caves.

Joyce

The Man's Point of View

ANN

Continued from page 7

"Maybe," she said. "I hate my job the way it is now. Or maybe the way it will be such a success that they'll fire Miss Sherman and give me her job."

Mr. Peabody whistled softly. "Okay," he said. "I've got nothing to lose. When do we start?" Ann felt giddy. "The first ad will run next Sunday. That's your best day for advertising, isn't it? I'll line up an artist and we'll call for the coat to-morrow. In the meantime, I'll tell Miss Sherman you want to discontinue your advertising for a while. Back me up when she telephones you."

Mr. Peabody's eyes narrowed. "You're the boss," he said, and Ann smiled with satisfaction. Her elation, however, was short-lived.

Being the boss, she discovered, was not as simple as she had first thought. The artist insisted on cash down, which entailed a donation from Mr. Peabody's own pocket. The only one who could get a coat out of the store without a merchandise okay slip was Mr. Peabody; that transaction included a taxi ride home with him, a taxi ride punctuated with a sweet many pats on the shoulder.

Ann sat up at night, writing and re-writing the copy. Even when she delivered it to the newspaper she was greeted with a suspicion that only Mr. Peabody's cheque in full allayed. The cheque was for more than either of them had expected.

Ann's nerves were on edge and her temper uneven. She was not sleeping well at night, and in the uncertain almost-daylight hours she wished most fervently that she was rid of the whole plan. Besides, she had never prepared a full advertisement before. It was far more difficult than she had dreamed, and she was in no way certain that it was any good.

Her assurance was further dimmed by the fact that Peter's advertising was causing a minor sensation. Ann's friends outside the store talked to her about it. Miss Sherman and Peter always had their heads together. The office basked in reflected excitement, and even Nancy seemed caught up on the wave of enthusiasm.

On Saturday she devoted her lunch hour to reading proofs in Mr. Peabody's office with the door closed, and staying on the opposite side of the desk from Mr. Peabody. Then she delivered the proofs mysteriously to the newspaper.

Although all she could consider eating was a milkshake, she went back to the advertising department with nervous indignation.

Miss Sherman was away that day, making a speech at some advertising conference. But Peter was at her desk, taking charge of the Sunday releases. He seemed extremely busy, and happy. Ann watched him miserably as he went in and out of the office.

The afternoon dragged interminably. At five o'clock, she sat staring ahead of her, contemplating an evening of torture. Sitting up until midnight to get the first editions of the Sunday paper was silly, she knew, but she also knew that she was going to do it.

She was just deciding that maybe a good film might ease the pain when Peter came out of Miss Sherman's office.

"You look awful," he said. "I suppose it is hard for a girl as pretty as you are to wangle an early night. But try sleeping once in a while. I've found it helps."

Ann regarded him defiantly. "I haven't been out one night this week."

"Then why don't you try a change of pace? All work and no play, you know."

Tears smarted Ann's eyes. "I wish you'd keep your nose out of my private life."

He put out a hand and touched her arm. It was a pleasant touch, not like Mr. Peabody's. "I was trying to be funny. I guess I'm not very good at it. What's the matter? Can I help?"

Ann didn't want to cry. But tears slipped involuntarily down her cheeks. She hated Peter Graham.

but the sympathy in his voice was too much. She jerked her arm away. "Please leave me alone. I can't tell you what's wrong. I've just been a fool. You won't be sorry for me when you find out. You—"

"Put on your hat. I'm going to take you out and buy you a drink. Come along. I'm lonely too."

Ann raised her eyes uncertainly and dabbed at her face. "All right." The evening was a surprise. Peter took her to the lounge of a fashionable hotel. They sat at a table for two in a far corner. The effect was curiously relaxing. So was Peter, who talked mostly about his work at Ettinger's in the old days before he went to the war.

"I was still at school," he said, "when my father died. Then Mr. Ettinger, who had known him, gave me a job as kind of a super office boy. I never thought I'd like fooling around with women's house dresses and hats, but running a store is a lot more than that. I've found."

Ann shifted miserably. "I have to go home," she said abruptly. "You just invited me for a drink." He put his hand over hers. "I'll shut up about business. Don't make me eat dinner alone."

The dinner was wonderful. There was no more talk of business, and with no obligation to think Ann was almost happy. She looked at her watch when they left the hotel. It was nearly nine; in a few hours, the papers would be out. She felt sick.

"What'll we do now?" he said. She drew her coat around her. "Walk me home. It's not very far." "But it's Saturday night. Wouldn't you like to dance? You said you hadn't been out one night this week."

Ann's voice was tight in her throat. "Don't bother about me. I want to go home. I have to go home. You'll be glad to-morrow that I did. You're going to hate me after to-night."

It was dark, but the moon was full. Ann could see Peter's face clearly. There was a small smile on his lips and he looked impossibly attractive.

"Look, darling," he said. "I don't let my girls run out on me this way. Come along and dance a while."

He bent over her and kissed her lightly. Then, suddenly, she was clinging to him, as if she never wanted the kiss to stop. And it had to be Peter who finally pushed her away.

"Come and dance," he said. Ann dug her hands deep in her coat pockets, furiously angry.

"I'm sorry I've bored you," she said. "I wanted to go home a long time ago, but you wouldn't let me. Good night."

"Look, Ann. Can't you keep your temper under that little hat of yours once in a while? From a man's point of view, that was a compliment."

"Don't you think," Ann asked, "that I've heard enough about the man's point of view? You can't commercialise it all day and all night, too. Thanks for the dinner, anyway. Good night."

"You—" Peter bit off the word. "Good night. See you Monday."

Ann walked rapidly, her heels clicking on the pavement. The moon was very bright; she felt cold and lonely. She no longer wanted to wait up and buy the paper. Now the Sunday paper and the advertisement did not mean so much. She wanted to be fired, to get away from Peter.

She went to bed, woke early, and went to get the Sunday paper. Hands shaking, she leafed through the main news section rapidly. The regular Ettinger advertisement was there, but not hers.

She went through the paper again, carefully, her heart sinking. Her advertisement was definitely not there. All her work and worry had been fruitless. They had caught up with her and had killed the ad without telling her. Miss Sherman would be like that.

Please turn to page 27

WORTH Reporting

VISITING English comedian 24-year-old Bud Flanagan says that his two favorite comedians are his father (of Flanagan and Allen) and Danny Kaye.

"Mind you put my father down first," he warned us. "More than my life's worth if you don't."

Bud and his director (publicity manager), Commander Derek Castle, R.N., called to see us at the office. Commander Castle was originally Bud's schoolteacher.

Bud is thin, and not very tall. He has dark hair and eyes, and when we saw him was wearing an outrageously battered hat with a drooping brim, a sports coat and trousers, and brilliant the vertically striped in blue and white.

The school Bud went to in Hampshire was called "The Hall." Both teacher and pupil say, "It was unique."

At "The Hall" Bud Flanagan made his first stage appearance in "Toad of Toad Hall."

"Not as Toad," said the comedian. "I was just a chorus rabbit, hidden behind a mask. From then on—from that wonderful start—I went ahead with my career, until you see me now before you. Just now I'm so thin I look like a xylophone with skin."

"Speaking of musical instruments," he went on hurriedly. "I can play any number. 'Tiger Rag' on a trumpet, boogie-woogie on a harp (harpists hate me), the gramophone, a barrel-organ, the piano, banjo and a comb, Jew's harp, and an elastic band. You can see I'm talented."

During the war he spent some time with E.N.S.A. and was in the Navy in the sloop Pheasant and Leith.

Invalided out of the Navy, Bud Flanagan went to the United States and appeared with Olsen and Johnson in their show, "Jerk Resek."

Back in England he acted in three films, "Here Comes the Sun," "We'll Smile Again," and "Theatre Royal," and also came before the television screen.

In Australia now, he has a 12 months' radio contract.

Things that impress him about Australia are shell eggs (Bud says he took one to the Museum to identify it) and the fact that dogs are not allowed in trains.

"In England," said Bud and the Commander, "you pay for your dog and he's a tram passenger."

Sign their work

IN Africa the woman's touch is not only in the home, but in the goldmine.

At a goldfield in the Transvaal where bores are being drilled, the drills which bring up the cores have diamond-studded crowns.

Some are made by a Rand firm which employs women reputed to be among the best in the world on this sort of work.

So proud are some of the girls of their handiwork that they engrave their names on the matrix in which the diamond splinters are set.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"All the other guys have got the measles."



"I'd offer you a cigarette, but it's my last one."

Watch the birdie

HIGH-SPEED photography has reached a fine art at the Lord Mayor of Melbourne's holiday camp for country children at Portsea.

Here, every week-end, along with routine X-ray, medical, and dental check-up, newcomers to camp have their photographs taken at the rate of three "customers" a minute.

Pictures are a free service to parents given by Kodak.

A team of volunteers from the firm, Mr. J. R. Morrison and his wife, Miss Zoe Kitchen Kerr, and Mr. David Blythe, have got personally portraiture down to an assembly-line job.

In a studio at the camp one books the child in and gives it a number, which is placed high over its head for identification.

The second member of the team diverts the child into a relaxed mood, while the photographer adjusts the camera before suddenly saying, "Give us a smile for Mum." The job is over in ten seconds.

Fourth member of the team works flat out loading and unloading films.

A portrait and the negative are sent to parents a few days later. Between November and April, when the camp closes for winter, the team will have taken 4000 portraits.

Mr. Morrison says that girls are more self-conscious than boys before the camera.

An engaging six-year-old requested a specially beautiful picture as she intended coming back the following year "to marry the Lord Mayor!"

Camp for diabetics

FOR a fortnight Tudor House, Moss Vale, became a holiday camp for 28 diabetic children.

With the children went a dietitian, a nursing sister, two almoners, and two V.A.s.

The holiday, sponsored by the Association for a Summer Camp for Diabetic Children, was the fourth to be held since the association was formed four years ago.

Most of the children came from clinics round the city, although a few were private patients. At the holiday camp they had plenty of medical care and the precise amount of correct food.

Miss Elaine Maitt, dietitian at Sydney Hospital, said that normally diabetic children are cared for in their own homes. They can't go on holidays to boarding-houses, for they can't have the special food they need. So some of them become rather pampered, and apt to think that no others have their complaint.

At the holiday camp the children learned to mix with one another, to play group games like other children, and to have a wonderful holiday that they never have had before.

The association is purely charitable, and collects funds through the year for the children's summer holiday.

Chop bone disposal

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, one of Britain's most distinguished actors, was interviewed in the B.B.C. Overseas Service after returning from making a film in Hollywood.

Some of the gadgets in American homes were excitingly new to him.

He described the garbage disposer in the house he lived in, saying: "The drain in the sink is twice as large as the average English sink hole, and everything is put into it, bones, scraps, and cartons. A thing under the sink grinds everything up into powder. You can turn on the tap and wash it all away as liquid."

"When I expressed surprise they said, 'Well, what do you do with your chop bones in England?'"

"I said, 'Sir, in England we eat our chop bones for supper.'"

A RESOURCEFUL girl-friend of ours had trouble with a suspender the other day, impressed us by producing a bottle of aspirin and replacing the lost suspender-button with a tablet.

Greek heroine

WHEN we met attractive Matilda Kaloyeropoulou at the Greek R.S.L. Club, Sydney, and talked to her over a cup of thick sweet coffee, it was hard to believe that she had killed seven German paratroopers, and was the first woman to be an able seaman in the Greek merchant marine.

For Miss Kaloyeropoulou is extremely feminine, with an animated face, dark eyes, and black hair parted in the middle and drawn back in a bun.

She was wearing a navy-and-white dress, and when she gestured with her hands we noticed that she wore red nail polish.

Through interpreter Mr. J. Raftopoulos, secretary of the Greek Sub-branch of the R.S.L., we asked Matilda Kaloyeropoulou how she had taken up work as an able seaman.

We learned that she was brought up on the island of Spetses, where her people were farmers. Until the war Matilda worked on the farm and helped with the house.

In the war she helped Australian and New Zealand troops to escape from Greece to Crete by boat, and then worked on an oil tanker.

Just now she is one of the crew of the freighter Epanalassos, and does everything that the rest of the crew have to do.

She scrubs the decks, chips paint, takes a turn at the wheel, and in the evening spends hours learning English from the captain's wife, Mrs. E. Volanos.

Matilda turned to us and used her English carefully. "We are like sisters," she said. "She taught me to count—one, two, three, four, five. Hello, good-bye."

When the ship calls in at ports in countries ranging from Chile to Australia, Matilda buys clothes and food to pack and send home to her country.

Miss Kaloyeropoulou is the first Greek woman to be welcomed as a member of the Greek and Australian R.S.L., and has the two badges carefully tucked away with the other high decorations she has won. But what she prizes most is the letter written by the captain of the wartime oil tanker.

"While the Greek people have such women," he wrote, "our country will never die."

Such fun!

IN one of Sydney's arcades there is a magician's shop, cluttered with masks, snoring powder, and printed certificates for ear-bashers.

Stopping as usual to look in the window, we saw a package guaranteed to make you a hit at any party.

Having bought the package you hurry to the kitchen at your hostess' home, and drop the contents to the floor. This is guaranteed "to make the sound of a window breaking, or the sound of china crashing to the floor."



MEETING. Fred Burt tells of the activities of the day buying vegetables and selling them at cost price to children, and gave them a day's trip to Canberra

Captain's Flat



MINERS line up for their strike pay. Single men receive £3, childless married men £2/15/-, married men with one child £3/5/-, and 2/6 for each child thereafter. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



Foot of spur of Great Dividing Range and is said to have highest birthrate in N.S.W.

Still, the strike has its compensating point for Mrs. Butler. She does not have to get up at 4.30 a.m. to cut and pack cribs for the men. A lone pannikin on a crib table was the first thing that met my eye when I stepped out of the cage 1500 feet under the ground when staff men took us down the mine.

We visited three levels, and except for the faint noise of the water pumps the mine, which goes down 1680 feet, was almost frightening in its stillness.

One of the most highly mechanized in Australia, its machines have been brought to the surface for the duration of the strike, but the mechanical car-loaders, which could not be brought up, are slowly rusting underground.

Since the mill at the Lake George mine started crushing operations in 1939, the mine has treated 1,663,297 tons of ore. During the nine years before this strike, only 431 days' work had been lost through strikes. Lead content at the mine is 6 per

cent., compared with 18 per cent. at Broken Hill. Twice as much zinc as lead is obtained, in addition to sulphur and small quantities of copper, silver, and gold.

Bert Wilkins told me that 80 per cent. of the miners are contract workers and many earn £1000 a year. "Since July, 1947, we've paid a lead bonus, but the men are asking now for a bigger one," he said.

"The men have lost more than £60,000 in pay during the strike," he added.

However, there's always a silver lining, and the miners' children have found it.

On New Year's Day 250 of them polished off 3296 ice-cream buckets, 34 dozen bags of peanuts, and innumerable lollies at an all-day picnic in the Molonglo Park.

On Christmas Eve, at another picnic in the same park, they ate 30 gallons of ice-cream and £20 worth of lollies, in addition to getting a toy each from a Christmas-tree.



COMIC-TIME in the Max Lacey home. Max reads to six children while wife Jean cooks dinner. Max said family has to "do without a bit."



MINER'S WIFE Mrs. Evelyn McCarron and her son Errol. Mrs. McCarron says she will be able to "live on almost nothing when they go back."

How the town was named

BERT BEROS, author of the wartime poem, "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels," is a shift boss at the Lake George Mine, but cannot give much help to staff men at present because of a broken right arm. His latest poem, "Old Captain," tells the story of a bull-calf named Captain, which grazed in a paddock, now the Molonglo Park, in the 1870's. The paddock, and eventually the town, became known as Captain's Flat. Two verses of Bert's poem read:

I came to light in '79,
The ground was white with frost.
I was reared in the place that bears my name,
Some say that I was lost.
Because some ringers found me there,
When I was big and fat,
On the football ground it is to-day,
And they named it Captain's Flat.



VOUCHER issued by Strike Committee buys vegetables for Mrs. Una Korner from "Needles" Powell. Storekeepers wish strike would end.

Thousands of Australians have Successfully Fought

Catarrh, Bronchitis

*Lantigen 'B' works through
the Bloodstream to*

**TREAT & PROMOTE
IMMUNITY**



NO NEED TO SUFFER!

No matter how long you have suffered from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus or Antrum Infections, nor what you have done in attempts to get relief—you should try Lantigen 'B'.

Lantigen 'B' is quite different to any ordinary medicine. It is a special dissolved oral vaccine, which can be taken by mouth, just a few drops in water at bedtime—

no injections, inhalations, or dangerous drugs. Thousands of people who once suffered miserably from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections have taken Lantigen 'B' and are now fit and well again.

Read the extracts from the grateful letters of some of these people. They will convince you that you, too, can get over your trouble...



Louis Pasteur
Father of Immunisation

Why Lantigen 'B'
Provides Such Striking
Benefits.

Catarrh, Bronchitis,
Bronchial Asthma,
Sinus or Antrum In-
fections, and Recurrent
Colds are caused by
germs.

Lantigen 'B' relieves these disorders because it is a dissolved oral vaccine specially prepared by skilled bacteriologists to combat the germ attack and to enable the body to neutralise the germ poisons which cause the unpleasant symptoms.

When it is taken (just like an ordinary medicine) it is absorbed into the system by the tissues of the nose and throat and the small intestine. It works through the blood-stream and the lymphatic system to stimulate the creation of what are called antibodies. These antibodies are nature's antidote to the germs and their poisons. They bring prompt relief and build up the system's natural powers of resistance, so that immunity to the Catarrh germs is promoted, often preventing further trouble for years.

Ask your chemist for Lantigen 'B' today with confidence that relief from your trouble is within your grasp.

NO INJECTIONS.
Taken just like an
ordinary medicine
—no harmful
drugs.



CATARRH—"It is a most marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings."
—E. McKee, Glenlee Station, N.Z.

BRONCHIAL CATARRH—"My mother had had bronchial catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continuous scratching, tickling cough, which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B', and she has not coughed since."
—B. Lane, Windoor, N.S.W.

SINUS INFECTION—"After the course I have taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum."
—J. A. Greig, Eden, N.S.W.

BRONCHITIS—"I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around 3 o'clock stuffed-up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night."
—M. Braithwaite, Toronto, Canada.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA AND CATARRH—"I had a bad attack of Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh, and was four months in bed. I had injections, tablets, and medicines, which did me no good. I was about again for two months, then bed ridden again. I heard of Lantigen 'B'. In three weeks I was up and about and have improved ever since."
—J. V. Pollett, Paddington, N.S.W.

Ask your chemist to-day for

Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, SINUS AND
ANTRUM INFECTIONS AND RECURRENT COLDS

(Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney)

(12B.143)

HAUGHTILY,

Miss Milborne said, "I am thankful to say I know nothing about gambling dens, except that you are for ever in one, which all the world knows. It grieves me excessively."

"Oh, does it?" said his lordship, anything but gratified by this evidence of his adored's solicitude.

"Yes," said Miss Milborne. "Perhaps I ought not to speak of it, but—but you have shown an unsteadiness of character. Sherry, a—want of delicacy of principle which makes it impossible for me to accept of your offer. I do not desire to give you pain, but the company you keep, your extravagance, the wildness of your conduct, must preclude any female of sensibility from bestowing her hand upon you."

"But, Bella!" protested his horrified lordship. "My dear girl, that will all be a thing of the past! I shall make a famous husband! I swear I shall! I love you madly—devotedly! My whole life will be blighted if you won't marry me!"

"It won't," said she, "You will merely go on making stupid bets, and racing, and gaming, and—"

"Well, you're out there," interrupted Sherry. "I shan't be able to, because if I don't get married I shall be all to pieces!"

This blunt admission had the effect of making Miss Milborne stiffen quite alarmingly. "Indeed!" she said. "Am I to understand, my lord, that you have offered for my hand as a means of extricating yourself from your debts?"

"No, no, of course I haven't! If that had been my only reason I might have offered for a score of girls any time these past three years!" replied his lordship ingenuously. "Fact of the matter is, Bella, I've never been able to bring myself up to scratch before."

"And I dare say," Miss Milborne declared, "you would never have thought of offering for me either if your father had not left his fortune the stupid way he did."

"No, I dare say I shouldn't," agreed the Viscount. "At least, yes, I should! Of course I should! But only consider, my dear girl! The

Friday's Child

Continued from page 9

whole fortune left in trust until I'm twenty-five, unless I marry before that date! You must see what a fix I'm in!"

"Certainly," said Miss Milborne freely. "I cannot conceive why you do not immediately offer for one of the scores of females you spoke of. You might offer for Cassy Bagshot, for I'm sure Mrs. Bagshot has positively thrown her at your head! Or if you are so squeamish as to object to poor Cassy's complexion, which I will own to be sadly freckled, I make no doubt Eudora would think herself honored."

"Isabella," pronounced Lord Sheringham, in boding accents, "don't try me too far! If you love another—You know, Bella, if it's Severn you mean to have, I can tell you now you won't get him. You don't know the Duchess! Can't call his soul his own, poor old Severn, and she'll never let him marry you, take my word for it!"

Miss Milborne rose from her chair abruptly. "You are the most odious, abominable creature in the world!" she said angrily. "Go away! I hate you!" With which she burst into tears, and the Viscount, greatly discomposed, left as abruptly as he had come.

Outside, he mounted his horse and rode back to Sheringham Place in high dudgeon.

His self-esteem smarted intolerably; and, since he had been in the habit, during the past twelve months, of considering himself to be desperately enamored of the incomparable Isabella, and was not given to soul-searching, it was not long before he was in a fair way to thinking his life had been blighted past curing.

He entered the portals of his ancestral home in anything but a conciliatory mood, therefore, and was not in the least soothed by being informed by the butler that her ladyship, who was in the Blue Saloon, was desirous of seeing him.

Still less was he soothed to find in the Blue Saloon not only his mother, a valetudinarian of quite amazing stamina, but also his uncle, Horace Paulet.

Since Mr. Paulet had taken up his residence at Sheringham Place some years previously, upon the death of the late Lord Sheringham, there was nothing in this circumstance to astonish the Viscount. He had, in fact, expected to find his uncle there, but this did not prevent his ejaculating, in a goaded voice: "You here, uncle?"

Mr. Paulet, who was a plump gentleman with an invincible smile and very soft white hands, never permitted himself to be annoyed by his nephew's patent dislike and frequent incivility. He merely smiled more broadly than ever.

"Yes, my boy!" he said. "As you see, I am here, at my post, beside your dear mother."

"I am sure I do not know what would become of me if I had not my good brother to support me in my lonely state," Lady Sheringham said, and in the faint, complaining tone which so admirably concealed a constitution of iron and a strong determination to have her own way.

Her son, who was quite as obstinate as his parent, and a good deal more forthright, replied with paralyzing candor: "From what I know of you, ma'am, you would have done excellent well. What's more, I might have stayed at home every now and then. I don't say I would have, because I don't like the place, but I might have."

"Anthony, have you no consideration for my poor nerves?" quavered his mother.

"Well, tell that platter-faced old fidget to take himself off!" said the Viscount irritably. "Never can see when he's not wanted."

Mr. Paulet shook a finger at him. "Ah, I fear your suit cannot have prospered!"

Please turn to page 29

The Man's Point of View

Continued from page 23

WRETCHEDLY, Ann turned back to the Ettinger advertisement. Her heart beat faster. Studying it closer now she saw that there, at the very top, was the sketch she had ordered. Eyes blurring, she read the copy. It was hers; the words she had worked so hard over, the phrases she had polished and manicured.

She gasped and the full enormity of what she had done swept over her. She closed her eyes and her stomach turned over. Whatever had happened, the result would be double disaster.

All day, she waited for the telephone to ring, but nothing happened. She could not eat. At night, she went for a long walk. Finally she went home to bed, but she did not sleep until long after daylight. And then, of course, she did not hear the alarm.

Not that it mattered, she reflected, dressing rapidly. A girl didn't have to get in on time to be fired. Although habit made her hurry, it was almost eleven when she crept into the store.

As if he had been waiting for her, Peter stepped into the same elevator. Except for a brief nod, she took no notice of him. But they walked into the office together.

They found Miss Sherman waiting. A steely Miss Sherman, superbly dressed in black wool embroidered with a blazing gold dragon. She paused abruptly when she saw Ann. Then her eyes flashed past her to Peter.

"Where were you yesterday, Peter? I tried to telephone you all day. What on earth happened? I showed you how to kill that ad. I don't see how the newspapers could have made such a mistake..."

"They didn't," Peter said. "Before I released the Sunday page, I read over Ann's copy. Then I saw what a fool I'd been, all this time. She had real selling stuff in it. So I killed the top of our page and substituted her ad." He turned to Ann.

"The newspapers sent your ad, to Miss Sherman for final okay, that's how she found out. I was going to

tell you on Saturday night. Then, when you snapped my head off for kissing you, I decided to teach your temper a lesson. Are you still angry?"

Miss Sherman steadied herself. "Well, really! I can understand Ann's being such a fool. But you, Peter—you've left me no alternative. I'll have to fire you, too. How could you have done it?"

Peter grinned. "I guess I just came to my senses. I was crazy thinking that women cared what men think about their clothes. They don't, I've found out. They dress for other women. That's why my ads haven't brought in business. You know they haven't."

"Peter," Miss Sherman's voice was low. "Perhaps I can explain everything to Mr. Ettinger. I'll say you weren't accustomed to releasing ads, that you made a mistake. We can't stop this man's point of view advertising now. It's creating too much of a sensation."

"But it doesn't sell merchandise," Peter said. "It doesn't make sense. Women don't dress to please men. You don't think any man would like to see his wife wearing a dragon, do you?"

Miss Sherman whirled on him. Ann, shrinking into a corner, thought for a minute that she was going to strike him. She might have, but at precisely that moment Mr. Ettinger walked into the advertising department.

Mr. Ettinger was small and grey. His starched collar matched his starched voice.

"Miss Sherman," he said carefully. "I want to discuss the Sunday ad with you."

Miss Sherman's well-made-up face sagged. "I meant to telephone you yesterday and explain. But Peter released the page and I couldn't reach him. You see—"

Mr. Ettinger smiled, with all the charm of a cash register. "I should have preferred to have been notified. However, I am glad that you were aware that the man's point of view

advertising was not selling merchandise."

"Anything of that sort takes time," Miss Sherman said wildly. "I think you agreed when Peter came in with the idea that—"

Mr. Ettinger shook his head.

"I never did approve too much of the plan, but you were the advertising expert, so I let you try it. Frankly, seeing results in the store, I was discouraged with your judgment. The Sunday fur ad, however, has changed my opinion. Congratulations, Miss Sherman. I am glad to have a woman working for me who can admit she was wrong."

Miss Sherman's lower jaw was hanging at an unbecoming angle; Peter reached for Ann's hand.

"Mr. Ettinger," he said, "here's the girl who wrote the fur advertisement. Is it pulling?"

Mr. Ettinger, for the first time, noticed Ann. He smiled again.

"Already this morning we have sold more furs than we did all last week," he said. "You are to be congratulated, young lady. As for you, Peter—"

"I'm job-hunting again, Mr. Ettinger. It was a fool idea and cost you people a lot of money. I'm sorry. You don't need to fire me, I've fired myself."

"Don't be foolish," Mr. Ettinger looked at Peter, and now there was real warmth in his eyes.

"We've missed you in the merchandising department," he went on, "and this—ring—in advertising may have been good for you, after all. Report to me to-morrow morning at 10," he caught Peter's eye, "nine o'clock promptly. Use the executive time clock."

Mr. Ettinger moved towards Miss Sherman's private office. Miss Sherman, her gold dragon looking deflated, turned and followed him meekly. Ann looked at Peter.

"Let's get out of here," Peter looked down at her, smiling.

"Why?" "I can't kiss you in the middle of the advertising department. And I want to. Hard."

(Copyright)

M121

I've tried them all... but from now on it's

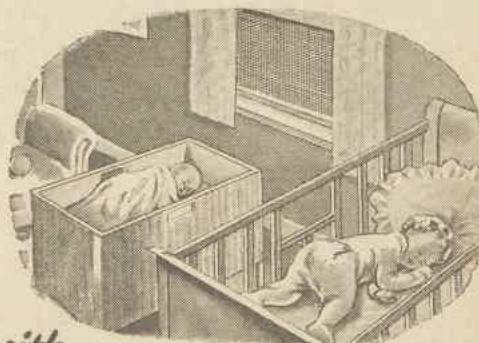
MUM

(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION)

Mum stops underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening. Mum contains no irritating crystals—snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to the skin. Mum is completely safe for clothes, will not rot or stain the finest fabric. Mum is quick and easy to use, is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar.



Keep insects out—let fresh air in



with **WIRE SCREENS**

Children thrive better in a home protected by window screens and wire doors. No insect bites to irritate and make them fretful. No flies to carry disease germs from outside filth and garbage to poison their food. The children play more happily, do their lessons better, and sleep more peacefully, if your whole home is protected with screen wire which keeps flying insects out and lets the fresh air in.



Mosquito nets aren't needed!

With screen wire on bedroom windows, stuffy mosquito nets can be permanently discarded. Sleep is more refreshing in freely circulating air, and Mother is saved the work of washing and mending nets.

Cyclone

SCREENWIRE

Cyclone Company of Australia Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane.

5W23/18

Fashion PATTERNS

F5392.—A smart skirt, jerkin, and blouse ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Skirt requires 2yds. 54in. material; blouse, 21yds. 36in. material; jerkin, 1yd. 54in. material. Price complete 2/8.

F5393.—Cafe suit features new back fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5394.—Embroidered one-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11; transfer 2/3 extra.

F5395.—One-piece with a flared skirt and moulded bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5396.—A small girl's one-piece. Sizes 4, 5, 6, and 8 years, or lengths 20, 23, and 27in. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 1/8.

F5397.—Small boy's suit. Sizes 1, 2, and 4 years, or lengths 17, 18, and 20in. Requires 1yd. 36in. material for trousers, and 1yd. 36in. material for shirt. Price 1/8.



F5392



F5393



F5396



F5395



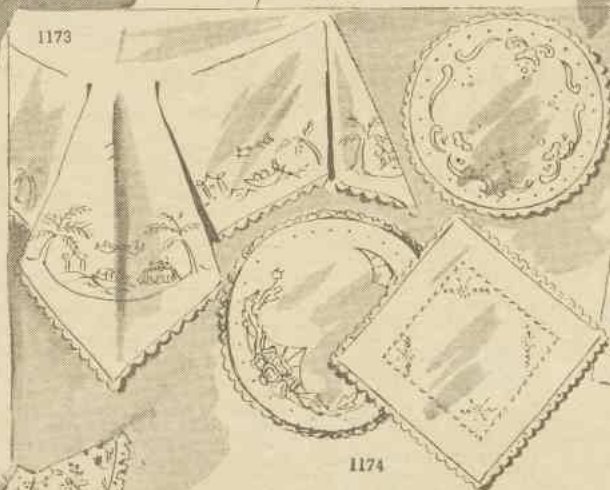
F5393



F5394



1172



1173

1174



1175

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1174.—THREE D'OYLEYS
The design is clearly traced to embroider on linen in white, cream, blue, pink, lemon, or green. Or on organdie in white, blue, pink, lemon, or green.
Prices: Linen 1/- each. Postage 11d. extra. Set of three for 2/6. Postage 11d. extra. Organdie 9d. each. Postage 11d. extra. Set of three 2/- Postage 11d. extra.

No. 1175.—SMOCK
Cut out ready to machine, the smock is of printed spun material in black and white on red, green, lemon, or blue grounds. Full instructions are given.
Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 16/3; 36 to 38in. bust, 17/11. Postage 81d. extra.

No. 1172.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK AND SUN BONNET
Cut out to machine in floral voile with a white ground and pastel flowers in blue and green, red and green, lemon and green, green and aqua, pale blue and red, lemon and green.
Sizes: 19in. length, 3 years, frock 7/11; bonnet 4/3; complete set 11/9. Postage 61d. extra. 20in., 4 years, frock 9/3, bonnet 4/6, complete set 13/3. Postage 71d. extra. 23in., 5-6 years, frock 9/11, bonnet 4/11, complete set 14/3. Postage 81d. extra. 27in., 7-8 years, frock 11/3, bonnet 5/3, complete set 15/11. Postage 81d. extra.

No. 1173.—WILLOW PATTERN LUNCHEON SET
The pattern is clearly traced ready for you to embroider on heavy white or cream linen, also sheer linen in pale blue, pink, lemon, or green.
Sizes: Cloth 36in. x 36in. 14/11. Postage 61d. extra. Serviette 11in. x 11in. 1/3 each. Postage 11d. extra. D'oyley 5in. x 8in. 1/- each. Postage 11d. extra. D'oyley 5in. x 11in. 1/- each. Postage 11d. extra. Complete set 17/6. Postage 71d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1172, 1173, 1174, or 1175, a second color choice should be made. C.O.D. orders are not accepted. Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37.

LADY SHERINGHAM abandoned tactics which appeared unlikely to succeed, and contrived to possess herself of one of his lordship's hands, saying in a low tone, "Dearest Anthony, do not keep me in suspense! Have you seen dear Isabella?"

"Yes, I have," growled the Viscount. "She won't have me."

"Alas! The dearest wish of my heart!" sighed Lady Sheringham. "If I could but see you married to Isabella, I could go in peace!"

Her son looked at her in a bewildered way.

"Go where?" he demanded. "If it's the Dower House you're thinking of, there's nothing that I know of to stop you going there any day you choose. What's more, you may take my uncle along with you, and I won't say a word against it."

"Sometimes I think you wittily misunderstand me!" complained Lady Sheringham. She sighed again heavily.

"In every way so eligible!" she mourned. "Dearest Isabella is so precisely the girl out of all others whom I would have chosen for my only son. Her father's sole heir, and although it cannot compare with yours, her fortune will not be contemptible!"

"I don't want her fortune! All I want is my own fortune!" said his lordship.

If she had accepted your hand you would have had it, and I am sure I should have been glad to see it in your hands, though heaven knows you would squander the entire principal before one had time to look about one! Oh, Anthony, if I could but prevail upon you to relinquish a way of life which fills my poor heart with terror for your future!"

"For the lord's sake, ma'am, don't put yourself in a taking over me!" his lordship begged, but quite ineffectively.

"I knew she would reject you!" said Lady Sheringham. "What delicately nurtured female, I ask of you, my son, would consent to marry one whose footsteps are set upon the path of vice? Must she not shrink from those libertine propensities which—"

"Here, I say, ma'am!" protested the startled Viscount. "It's not as bad as that, 'pon my soul it's not!"

His uncle heaved a sigh. "You will allow, dear boy, that there is scarcely an extravagant folly you have not committed since you came of age."

"No, I won't," retorted the Viscount. "Dash it, a man can't be on the Town without kicking up a bit of a row now and then!"

"No wonder poor Isabella rejected your suit!" his mother wailed on. "I cannot find it in me to blame her!"

"Alas, one cannot but feel that for the sake of the estate it may be for the best!" said Mr. Paullett. "Loath as I am to say it, I cannot consider poor Sherry fit to assume the control of his fortune. Well for him that it is held in trust for him!"

"Oh, is it well for me?" interjected poor Sherry wistfully. "And why my father ever took it into his head to make you a trustee beats me! I don't mind Uncle Prosper—at least, I dare say I could handle him, if it weren't for you, forever putting a spoke in my wheel! And don't stand there pretending you're mighty sorry Bella wouldn't have me, because I know you're not!"

His voice grew more and more heated.

"Once I get the confounded Trust wound up, out you'll go, and well you know it! If my mother chooses to let you batten upon her, she may do it, but you won't batten on me any longer, by Jupiter!"

"Ah!" Mr. Paullett smiled maddeningly. "But there are two years to run before the Trust comes to an end, my dear boy, and we must hope that by that time you will have seen the error of your ways."

"Unless I get married!" the Viscount said, his eyes very bright.

"Certainly. But you are not, after all, going to get married, dear boy."

"Oh, aren't I?" retorted his lordship, striding towards the door.

"Anthony!" shrieked Lady Sheringham. "What in heaven's name are you going to do?" She sat up in alarm. "Where are you going? Answer me, I command you!"

"I'm going back to London!" answered the Viscount. "And I'm going to marry the first girl I see!"

Friday's Child

Continued from page 27

After that parting shot, the Viscount was soon upon the road to London, driving his curricle. A pair of spirited bays were harnessed to it; a sharp-faced Tiger was perched up behind him; his portmanteau was strapped in its place.

The Viscount had had many grooms, and several Tigers. It required an iron nerve to drive out with him in one of his wild fits, and since these attacked him with alarming frequency, very few grooms had remained long in his service. By the greatest piece of good fortune he had chanced upon the individual at present hanging on to the curricle behind him.

The acquaintanceship had begun with the picking of the Viscount's pocket, as he emerged from a jeweller's shop on Ludgate Hill. Jason, who had started life in a Foundling hospital, was an inexpensive thief, but an inspired hander of horses.

At the very moment when the Viscount, grasping his captive by the collar, was preparing to drag him off to the nearest Roundhouse, the prime bit of blood between the shafts of his phaeton reared suddenly, knocking the groom off his feet.

A commotion was at once set up, during which Jason wriggled out of the Viscount's slackened hold, and instead of taking to his heels, leaped for the chestnut's head.

In a very few moments, order had been restored, the chestnut apparently recognising a mastermind in the dirty and ragged creature who had prevented him from bolting, and was now addressing uncouth blandishments to him.

Since he was, with good reason, quite the most unpopular horse in the Viscount's stables, his lordship at once forgot the contretemps which had brought this wizard to his notice, and there and then engaged him to be his new Tiger.

The Viscount, who had never made the least attempt to reform himself, did much to reform his new Tiger, not, indeed, from any particular zeal, but because he felt the force of his friends' representations that continued intimacy with a man whose Tiger could be counted on to relieve one of one's pangs, fobs and seal, had grave drawbacks.

His lordship promised to mend matters, which he did by thrashing his Tiger soundly, and laying orders on him never to rob any of his master's friends again.

Jason, who cared less for the thrashing than for the frown upon his deity's face promised to tread a path of rectitude, and made such efforts to keep to this that in a very short while nothing more than a warning word to him, or, at the worst, a command to restore whatever he might have fished, was necessary to preserve the utmost harmony between the Viscount and his cronie.

For the rest, he proved to be the most devoted servant the Viscount had ever hired.

The main road to London lay a couple of miles farther on, the lane that led to it from Sheringham Place winding alongside the Viscount's acres for some way, and then curling abruptly away to serve a small hamlet, one or two scattered cottages, and the modest estate owned by Mr. Humphrey Bagshot.

Mr. Bagshot's house was set back from the lane and screened by trees and a shrubbery, the whole being enclosed by a low stone wall.

The Viscount, whose attention was pretty equally divided between his horses and his late disappointment, kept his moody gaze fixed on the road ahead, and would not have spared a glance for this wall had not his Tiger suddenly recommended him to cast his daylight to the left.

"There's a female a-wavin' at you, guv'nor," he informed his master.

The Viscount turned his head, and found that he was sweeping past a damsel who was perched on top of the wall, somewhat wistfully regarding him. He reined in, and called out: "Hallo, brat!"

Miss Hero Wantage seemed to find nothing amiss in this form of salutation. A little flush mounted to her cheeks; she smiled shyly, and responded: "Hallo, Sherry!"

The Viscount looked her over. She was very young, and she did not at this moment appear to advantage.

The gown she wore was of an unbecoming shade of pink, and had palpably come to her at second-hand, since it seemed to have been made originally for someone much larger. A drab cloak was tied round her neck, its hood hanging down over her shoulders.

There were tear-stains on her cheeks, and her wide grey eyes were reddened and a little blurred. Her dusky ringlets, escaping from a frayed ribbon, were tumbled and very untidy.

"Hallo, what's the matter?" asked the Viscount suddenly, noticing the tear-stains.

Miss Wantage gave a convulsive sob. "Everything!" she said.

The Viscount was a good-natured young man, and whenever he thought of Miss Wantage, which was not often, it was with mild affection. In his graceless teens he had made use of her willing services, had taught her to play cricket, and to toll after him with the same bag when he went shooting.

He had tyrannised over her, boxed her ears, and forced her to engage in various sports and pastimes which terrified her; but he had permitted her to trot at his heels, and he had allowed no one else to tease or ill-treat her.

Her situation was not a happy one. She was an orphan, taken out of charity when only eight years old to live in her cousin's house, and to be brought up with her three daughters, Cassandra, Eudora, and Sophronia.

She had shared their lessons and had worn their out-crown dresses, and had run their numerous errands—such services being, her Cousin Jane informed her, a very small return for all the generosity shown her.

THE Viscount, who disliked Cassandra, Eudora, and Sophronia only one degree less than he disliked their Mama, gave it as his considered opinion, when he was fifteen years old, that they were brutes, and treated their poor cousin like a dog. He had therefore no difficulty now, as he looked at Miss Wantage, in interpreting correctly her somewhat sweeping statement.

"These cats been bullying you?" he said.

Miss Wantage blew her nose. "I'm going to be a governess, Sherry," she informed him dolefully.

"A what?" demanded his lordship. "A governess. Cousin Jane says so."

"Never heard such nonsense in my life!" said the Viscount, slightly irritated. "You aren't old enough!"

"Cousin Jane says I am. I shall be seventeen in a fortnight's time, you know."

"Well, you don't look it," said Sherry, disposing of the matter. "You always were a silly little chick. Hero. Shouldn't believe anything people say. Ten to one she didn't mean it."

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Wantage sadly. "You see, I always knew I should have to be one day, because that's why I learned to play that horrid pianoforte, and to paint in water-colors. Only I don't want to be, Sherry! Not yet! Not before I have enjoyed myself just for a little while!"

The Viscount cast off the rug which covered his shapely legs. "Jason, get down and walk the horses!" he ordered, and springing down from the curricle, hoisted himself up beside her and put a brotherly arm round her shoulders.

"Now, don't go on crying, brat! It makes you look devilish ugly!" he said. "Besides, I don't like it. Why has that old cat suddenly taken it into her head to send you off? You don't look like any governess I've ever seen, and I'll say you odds no school would hire you. Do you know anything, Hero?"

"Well, I didn't think I did," replied Hero. "Only Miss Mundesley says I shall do very well, and it is her sister who has the school, so I dare say it has all been arranged between them. She is our governess, you know. At least, she used to be."

"I know," nodded Sherry. "Sour-faced old maid she was, too! I'll tell you what, brat: if you go to this precious school they'll make you a drudge, and so I warn you!"

Come to think of it, what the devil are they about, turning a chir like you upon the world? The more I come to think of it the worse it is! You're not a pauper-brat!"

Miss Wantage raised her innocent eyes to his face. "But that is what I am, Sherry. I haven't any money at all."

"That don't signify," said the Viscount impatiently. "What I mean is, females of your breeding aren't governesses! It's not right. In fact, I won't have it. You'll have to think of something else."

"Marry the curate, do you mean, Sherry?" Miss Wantage asked doubtfully.

The Viscount stared at her in the liveliest astonishment. "Why should I mean anything of the sort? Of course I don't!" A new thought struck him. "You don't mean to tell me that the curate wants to marry you?"

"He has offered for me," she said, not without pride.

"It seems to me," said his lordship severely, "that you have been getting flighty since I saw you last! Marry the curate indeed! You'd never do for a parson's wife! You can't have told him how you glued the Hazenthwaites' pew that time everyone was in such a pucker."

"Well, no, I didn't," admitted Hero. "But it was you who did the gluing really, Sherry."

"If that isn't a female all over!" exclaimed Sherry. "Next you'll say you had nothing to do with it!"

Miss Wantage tucked a small, confiding hand into his arm. "I did help, didn't I, Anthony?"

"Yes, and spilled the glue over my new smocks, because you thought you heard someone coming, silly chick!" said the Viscount.

Miss Wantage gave a little chuckle. "Oh, how you did slap my cheek! It was red for hours and hours, and I had to make up such a tale to account for it!"

"No, did I really?" said the Viscount, rather conscience-stricken. "What a deuced young brute I was! Not but what you'd have tried the patience of a saint, brat!"

MISS WANTAGE sighed. She said ruefully, "I can't but feel that I should sherry the curate's patience terribly, Sherry, because I do seem always to be getting into a scrape, though, indeed, I don't mean to. At least, not every time."

"Don't keep on harping on the curate!" ordered the Viscount. "The whole idea of your marrying him is the greatest piece of nonsense I ever heard! In fact, it's a very good thing I chanced to come down here, for goodness knows what silly trick you'd have tried to play off if I hadn't caught you in time!"

"No, and I am so glad to see you again, Anthony," she replied. "I thought perhaps you would come."

"You did? Why?"

"To wait on Isabella," she replied innocently.

"Hah!" uttered his lordship, with a harsh and bitter laugh. Miss Wantage looked wonderingly up at him. "You don't sound very pleased, Sherry. Would she not see you? I know she wouldn't receive any of the others, though they came all the way from London for the purpose, but I did think she would see you."

"Well, she did," said the Viscount shortly. "And for all the good I got by it, I might as well have stayed."

"Sherry!" cried Miss Wantage, quite shocked. "You don't mean that you have offered, and she has refused you?"

"Yes, I do. And that's not all!" said the Viscount, his wrongs rising forcibly to his mind. "She said my character was unsteady, and I'd no delicacy of principle! I'm a gamester, and—"

"Sherry," interrupted Hero anxiously, "can she have heard about your opera-dancer, do you think?"

"Well, upon my word!" gasped the Viscount. "What do you know about my opera-dancer? And don't say I told you, because I didn't."

"No, no, my cousin Edwin told me! That is, he told Cassy, because they had a quarrel, and it was really she who told me."

Please turn to page 36

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. Latest clue sends them over the ocean and through the dreaded Burning Waters in a speedboat protected by a metal shield. At last they break through

the wall of fire and find themselves beaded for a small island. They are ringed within a huge circle of flames. At this point Betty, who had hidden on the boat, emerges wearing a bathing costume to withstand the heat. Mandrake explains that oil deposits on the ocean bed were somehow ignited and have burned ever since. **NOW READ ON:**



THEY ARE INSIDE THE WALL OF FLAMES, HEADED FOR A SMALL ISLAND, WHEN BARTON SUDDENLY EXPLODES: "LET'S TURN BACK! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CRAZY SEARCH FOR FLAME PEARLS!"



"DADDY, YOU'RE NOT GIVING UP NOW," SAYS BETTY, BUT BARTON IS FIRM. "WELL, DO YOU MIND IF I HAVE A SWIM? THE WATER'S LIKE A WARM BATH." "NO!" STORMS HER FATHER!



THE OYSTER FALLS TO THE FLOOR, BREAKING OPEN--AND FROM IT ROLLS A HUGE FLAME PEARL! AND THE SECRET SOURCE OF THE FABULOUS GEM HAS BEEN FOUND AT LAST--ACCIDENTALLY--BY A LAUGHING GIRL!



"WE'VE RISKED OUR LIVES A DOZEN TIMES. WE'VE FOUGHT GIANTS, GHOST SHIPS, SAVAGES, WITCHES, PIRATES AND MORE! AND NOW THIS FIRE! ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! I DON'T BELIEVE THERE ARE ANY FLAME PEARLS. WE'RE GOING HOME!"



"THERE'LL PROBABLY BE SHARKS AND--" "NONSENSE, IT'S SHALLOW HERE," REPLIES BETTY DIVING OVERBOARD. "BARTON FUMES. 'THAT GIRL, I SHOULD HAVE LEFT HER AT HOME!'"



"GET BACK INTO THIS BOAT," STORMS BARTON. "BETTY LAUGHS. 'THE WATER'S MARVELLOUS. IT'S SO WARM. AND THERE ARE MILLIONS OF OYSTERS DOWN THERE. I BROUGHT YOU ONE. CATCH, CATCH, DADDY!'"

"WE'VE FOUND IT--THE SOURCE OF THE FLAME PEARLS," CRIES BARTON. "THERE ARE MILLIONS OF OYSTERS DOWN THERE," SAYS BETTY. "MILLIONS? MILLIONS?" CRIES BARTON, FORGETTING THAT HE CAN'T SWIM!



TO BE CONTINUED

News from the studios

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

I CAN record raised eyebrows in a London hotel where American star Robert Taylor is demonstrating his ability as a cook.

Before he sets off for Eilat studios he goes to work with a camp stove in his suite, and cooks eggs and canned American bacon, which are flown to England for him.

Tousled-haired, and wrapped like an Indian in a blanket, he presents a novel sight brooding over his cookery.

MARGARET LEIGHTON, David Niven's leading lady in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "The Elusive Pimpernel," is keeping her fingers crossed.

With her publisher husband, Max Reinhardt, she thinks she has found the answer to her housing problem in Hampstead.

"The place once belonged to famous actress Mrs. Siddons, so I hope I can do a deal," she told me.

EILEEN HERLIE, who played the Queen in "Hamlet," has lately been called Britain's most-wasted actress. But new recognition of her talent is on its way. After her performance in a London suburban play, Sir Alexander Korda offered her a £50,000 stg. contract, and she will star in an Austrian film, "The Angel With the Trumpet," for which Korda has bought the rights.

It is a sort of Austrian "Cavalcade."

ORSON WELLES' telephone bill from Paris last week-end, as he talked film plans with Hollywood, was £450 stg. He has teamed up with France's youngest director, Jacques Gauthier, to make a circus picture.

Gauthier flew to London this week to hunt for the cast, which includes Maria Montez and Eric von Stroheim. Both Eric and Maria speak good French for this bi-lingual film, "Portrait of a Murderer," and Orson has enough to enable him to learn his lines.

The way he spends money makes thrifty Frenchmen gasp.

MARIA DENIS, the lovely Italian discovery, who came back to England with Peter Ustinov's location unit to finish "Private Angelo," is suffering from the trouble which affects most Continental actresses--pronunciation of the English "th."

She is busy talking her lines into the recording apparatus in time with her lip movements on the screen, as some of the film was shot without sound, on location.

JEAN SIMMONS told me that she feels she will never see the end of "Blue Lagoon."

"Only yesterday I was called for some more voice recording, and had to spend the morning screaming 'Michael, Michael!'" said Jean.

STRANGEST sight of the week was at Denham, when Jean Kent was walking round in a high wind with a perspex lampshade on her head.

It protected the elaborate Edwardian coiffure she wears for "Trotter True," the technicolor musical in which she stars as a Gaiety Girl.

"I feel like a marrow under glass," she said.

FOLLOWERS of David Farrar are asked to approve of a large moustache. He doesn't want it, but is being made to wear it for his next starring role as the boss of a mining concession in "Diamond City."

David showed it to England when he stepped off the Queen Mary after a holiday in Bermuda with his stage actress wife and his daughter Barbara.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Many offers now being made to Montgomery Clift

First film won wide acclaim for young actor

By a Hollywood correspondent

Montgomery Clift, a lean, rangy, dark-haired young actor, is America's most discussed film personality of the moment.

He is one of the few young men who have skyrocketed from the ranks of the practically unknown to a position where he can, and does, turn down the pick of the roles which Hollywood studios have to offer.

ONE film achieved this eminence for young Mr. Clift—"The Search," a moving, human drama of Europe which Fred Zinneman directed in Germany and Switzerland.

Its cast includes Jernia Novotna, of the Metropolitan Opera; Aline McMahon, of stage and screen; Wendell Corey, Ivan Jandl, a remarkable little Czech boy; a throng of actual displaced adults and children—and Montgomery Clift.

Following the success of "The Search" in America came the release of "Red River," a Howard Hawks big-scale production, which had been finished before Clift went abroad to play his "G.I." role in the Zinneman film, and had given him his first film chance.

"Red River" clinched the nationwide acceptance of Montgomery Clift as the newest and brightest film discovery for years.

The actor himself has taken all the praise in his stride. He is not a man who is easily impressed—least of all with himself.

On the rare occasions when he can be pinned down for an interview, he is not exactly loquacious.

I met him in New York recently before he left on a holiday trip to Europe.

At 28 he is still a bachelor, is almost six feet tall, with hazel eyes and a sudden smile. He walks like a cowboy, but in spite of this he had to learn to ride for "Red River."

"And learn how to walk again after I dismounted," he said with a reminiscent grin.

"As I have played stage roles since I was 14 I have a burning ambition to do parts which I feel to be right," said Montgomery.

"I may make less money, but I'll

accept whatever comes within my scope.

"Many Hollywood actors are so tied up with film commitments that they find no time to accept outside or stage roles which can prove so stimulating.

"The freedom to be able to act in the theatre is invaluable to me. My ideal is actually to play interesting parts in films and on the stage, but they wouldn't have to be divided up into any definite quota for either medium of acting.

"I'd be guided by the role rather than whether it was for stage or screen, for I am equally interested in both.

"Two years before I went to Europe to appear in 'The Search,' I met director Fred Zinneman in California.

"At that time Fred asked me to do a role in a new picture which was just entering the script stage.

"It was one of those things which ended up on the shelf, and I thought our conversation had been forgotten.

"Then I got a cable from Fred in Zurich (Switzerland) asking if I'd consider going abroad. When I read the outline of the story and made up my mind I'd like to do it, there was no further discussion, and no screen tests.

"I landed in Zurich feeling a bit nervous. After all I'd landed the role on the strength of a short luncheon conversation two years before.

"If I wasn't right I'd not only be letting myself down, but I'd be putting other people in a mess, too."

What followed was satisfactory to everyone concerned with the film—especially to young Clift.

He became a highly respected actor in the eyes of critics and the serious film-going public, and a bobby-soxer idol as well.

His attitude towards critics and the public is quietly appreciative.

Towards the bobby-soxers who constantly pursue him, his manner is one of polite boredom.

Howard Hawks, who "discovered" Clift, was anxious to sign him to a long-term contract, but though the actor feels a loyal obligation to Hawks, and probably will do some films for him, he won't be pinned down to anything long term.

In spite of his unusually fixed ideas about his work, directors agree that he is easy to handle on the set and always willing to take orders.

Clift is an omnivorous reader. He dislikes nightclubs, but is an inveterate theatregoer whenever his working schedule permits it.

He plays tennis moderately well, and swims efficiently, but dislikes being photographed in his leisure hours.

He has appeared on the New York stage with Fredric March, Edmund Gwenn, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne, and credits them with teaching him what he knows to-day.



MONTGOMERY CLIFT, who insists on retaining the right to choose his film roles in spite of being regarded as the most promising screen "discovery" of America for 1948. Recrafted from the stage, he will be seen soon in Australia in M.G.M.'s release "The Search" and United Artists' release "Red River."

Star writes music

By LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

OFF the screen, Clifton (Baby Sitter) Webb is almost as fabulously versatile as his screen character Mr. Belvedere. In Webb's new film, "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," a scene necessitates his playing a piano concerto. Listeners ask, "Beethoven?" and he answers, "No, Belvedere."

Director Elliott Nugent discovered that years ago Webb wrote a concerto called "Rain," in honor of the late actress Jeanne Eagles, so after some discussion it was decided that the concerto would be included in the college film.

WHEN Joan Fontaine and her husband, Bill Dooler, returned from their holiday in Honolulu, they flew in different planes. Joan explained that their reason was that in case of an accident their baby daughter would still have one parent.

PETER LORRE has been signed for a role in the Burt Lancaster-Corinne Calvey-Claude Rains picture "Rope of Sand." The part is very similar to the one he played in "Casablanca."

EVE ARDEN surprised friends recently with an outspoken indictment on the poor salaries paid to teachers in Los Angeles schools.

"I have two children," she said, "and I hear politicians telling us that our future depends on how we educate our children to solve the problems of to-morrow."

"Then I find that we pay our schoolteachers much less than we pay our garbage collectors."

"No wonder good teachers are leaving and replacements are hard to find."

WHILE Claude Rains was working in "The Sin of Abby Hunt" he went to bed each night at 8 o'clock, rose to study his lines from 1 a.m. to 5 a.m., then went back to sleep for two hours before dressing to go to the studio.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has a print of every picture she has been in. Whenever she shows one of her old films to friends she remarks, "Wasn't I a complete little ham?"

IF world conditions allow it, Alexis Smith and her husband, Craig Stevens, plan to tour Europe's Low Countries by bicycle within the next few months.

It is their idea of a perfect holiday, and contrasts oddly with the vacations at luxury hotels which Hollywood stars usually enjoy.

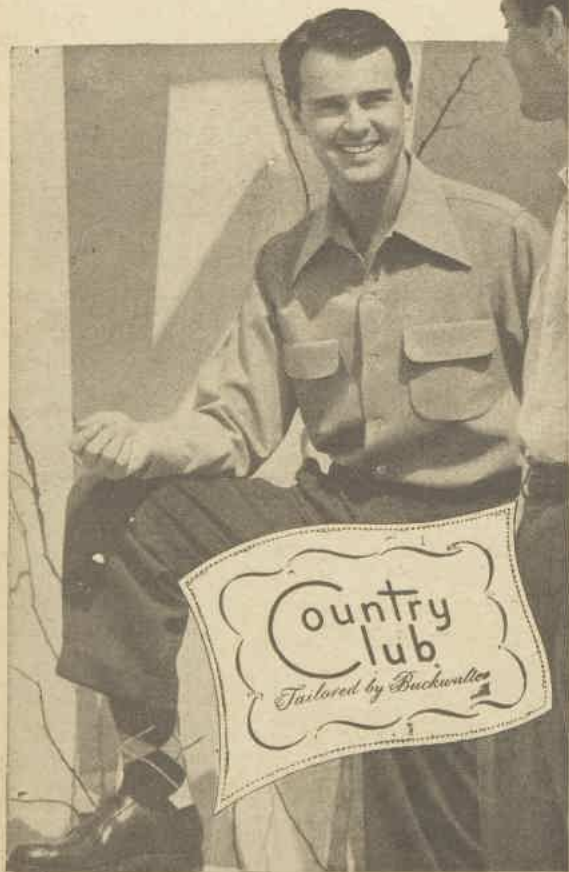
VETERAN actor Alan Hale invents things when he isn't playing feature roles in films. He is about to market his twenty-fifth handy gadget. It is a one-piece collapsible picnic-table with four chairs, which folds into a compact bundle about the size of an overnight bag and has a handle for easy transport.

ERROL FLYNN is breaking out as an author again. He is halfway through a screen play entitled "The Last of the Buccaneers."

The story has a sea background, and is tailored to fit Errol's own swashbuckling talents, so he hopes to sell it to his studio—Warner. The star has had two novels published, "Beam's End" and "The Showdown."

CASUAL SHIRTS, CALIFORNIA STYLE

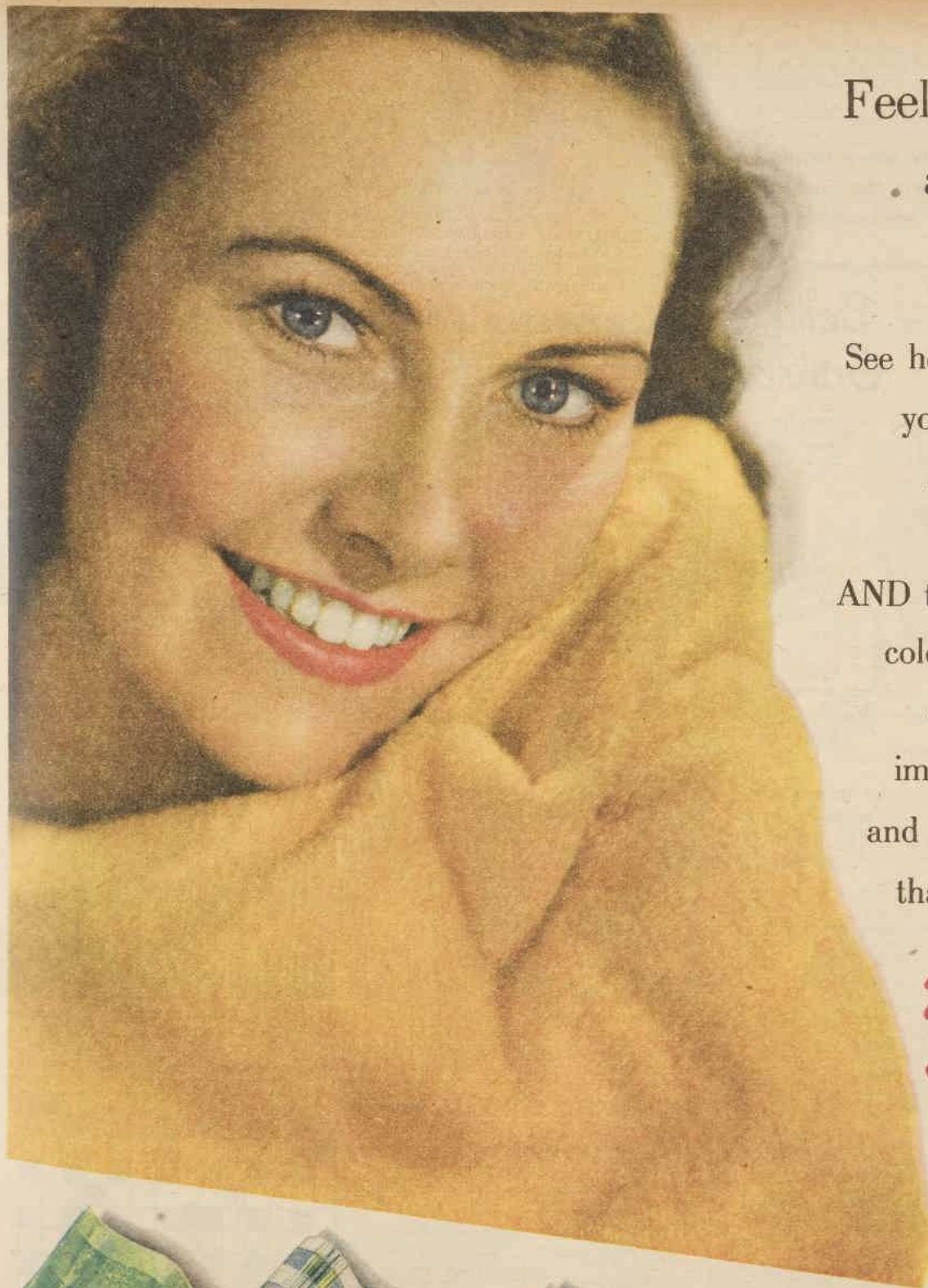
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LARRY PARKS and Evelyn Keyes, his co-star in the famous "Jolson Story," have a discussion about the coming sequel in which Larry will appear again. The film is tentatively called "Jolson Sings Again." Evelyn is currently appearing in Australia in the Columbia comedy "The Matron of Millie."



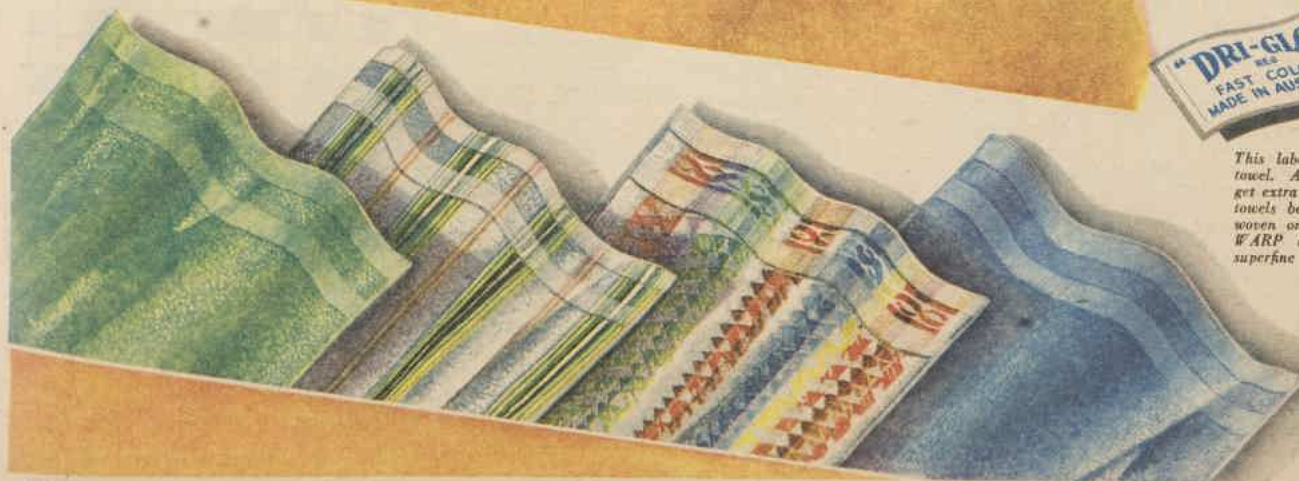
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AND those lovely plain
colors that are the
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BOTTLE



2/3

A.C.2-12



1 AT MUSICALE, university professors who take part are amazed when retired Professor Henry Barnes (Edmund Gwenn) tells them he will not join them on holiday trip which they have planned.

2 BORED with life, Barnes is persuaded by Peggy (Jeanne Crain) to let his attic as she and her husband are unable to find accommodation and need a home.

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY

OUTDOOR scenes for this Twentieth Century-Fox romantic drama were filmed at the University of Nevada. Edmund Gwenn, winner of the 1948 Academy Award for the best supporting actor, has the role of a crusty, disillusioned retired college professor whose plans for suicide are frustrated by the advent of a former soldier and his practical, courageous young wife.

The film is in technicolor and was adapted from a novel by Faith Baldwin.



3 FRIENDSHIP develops soon between Barnes and Peggy's war veteran student husband Jason (William Holden).

4 IN HOSPITAL, Peggy, who has lost her baby, is visited by Barnes after Jason leaves university to look for job.



5 AFRAID that Peggy and Jason will leave his home, and that he will be lonely again, Barnes takes overdose of sleeping pills which he has been saving with intention of committing suicide.

6 REASSURED by doctor that pills were harmless, Peggy and Jason agree to stay on with Barnes permanently as Jason gets university job as instructor.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 26

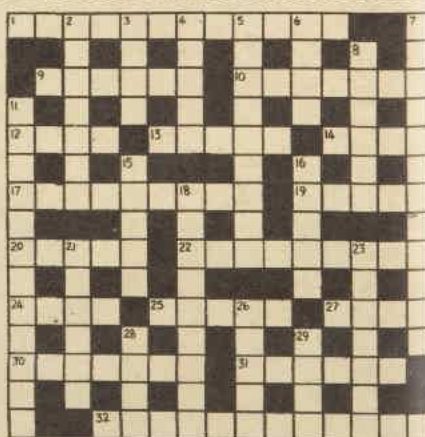
ACROSS

- What a horse may say to you in wearying surroundings close by (12).
- Singularly, the second person has to drag the doctor to go, but takes first place, which makes us amazed (6).
- It's dreadful if lured into chaos (7).
- Making such a bloomer, sir, I should be upset! (4).
- "Become liable to go to your kennel, mongrel!" (5).
- Fairy (4).
- It's careless of Elgin to be ruffled by a toff (9).
- Surely it won't make a little boulder of him learning to be a soldier! (5).
- Sweet nonsense! (5).
- Stager's heart indicates he may be having the time of his life (not old stagers, however) (6, 3).
- Restaurant (4).
- Carve a dignified hole (5).
- If I buy this car, I first give the Government due payment (4).
- Run lame (anagram) (7).
- Divine bag color (6).
- Houses that do not stay put are upsetting to me for spending a night in in the Orient (12).

DOWN

- Now moving is a rest in gossiping? (7).
- Practical joke makes us cross at the finish (4).
- Presently one ought from the first (5).
- Dud do-tree (anagram) (9).
- She'll get no capital from Aaron—if he returns (4).
- The characters in the play laid up sick inside over the bird I must go to see relating to exercises (12).
- Hurt feelings are a foregone conclusion (6).
- The importance of an omen if one is able to chance losing an Oriental sleuth (12).
- May be elaborately dressed to the figures (5).
- A nagging woman should be made see inside what the shopkeeper did to his stock (5).
- What unruly males dare name her (9).
- Fed up over article I conclude to be libel (6).
- You are after a friend who will act without payment? (7).
- The first one against starting to take the long view? (5).
- 31 across provides a suitable interior for measuring it (4).
- Calculus loved him, so the account is (4).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 26 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4881W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close Feb. 4, prizes and solution in issue of Feb. 18.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 25

ACROSS: 1-Ham-let, 4-American, 8-Cornucopia, 10-A-run, 12-Me-dal (lad turned), 13-Peruse, 16-Ears (hidden), 17-Tor-ti-lia (turned less e), 20-Roe, 22-Outrider (anag.), 23-Mere, 24-As-sett, 27-Globe, 30-Rail (anag. hair), 31-Trade union (anag.), 32-L-i-ken-ess, 33-A-d-d-led. DOWN: 1-Huckster (hidden), 2-Mark, 3-R/ud/es (see clue turned), 5-Mail, 6-Cor/rug-ate/d, 7-Number, 8-Orator-ic, 11-Peels, 14-B-room-stick, 15-Sleep-led, 18-R d, 19-At-one, 21-Re/sign-ed, 24-Barrel, 25-A-bound, 26-Krus, 29-Bill.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 22: £10 to Miss M. Barrow, 18 Seymour St., New Town, Hobart, Tas. £5 to Keith E. Holmes, Rockingham Convalescent Home, Barkers Rd., Kew E4, Vic. £2 to George E. Geal, Ellis St., Kalka, Nth. Rockhampton, Qld.



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Friday's Child

Continued from page 29

HIS lordship said sternly: "You've no business to be talking of such things!" He thought it over, his brow creasing. "Besides, it don't make sense, Edwin told Cassy, because they had a quarrel! Where's the sense in that?"

"Why, Sherry, because he said that before she set her cap at you, she might as well know—!" Miss Wantage broke off, flushing deeply. "Oh, I wish I didn't say things I ought not to!" she said, much mortified. "Truly, I didn't mean to be such a cat!"

"Oh!" said his lordship. "So that's what's in the wind, is it? As a matter of fact, I knew it," he added, momentarily abandoning the grand manner.

Hero returned to the main point of their conversation. "Sherry, do you mind very much about Isabella?" she asked.

"Of course I mind!" said his lordship testily. "My whole life is blighted! Might as well go to the devil without more ado, which is what I very likely shall do, if I don't get my hands on my fortune."

He went on, with a rueful grimace: "The thing is that my principal's tied up in the stupidest Trust anyone ever thought of. Would you believe it, I'm kept on a beggarly allowance until I reach the age of twenty-five, unless I'm married before then?"

"Poor Sherry!" Miss Wantage said, squeezing his arm. "I do think that Isabella—"

"I'll not hear a word against her!" said the Viscount nobly. "She is, and will always be, the incomparable! But if she thinks I'm going to wear the willow for her sake, she's mightily mistaken! And it wouldn't surprise me above half if that's just what she'd like me to do, for of all the heartless baggages I ever encountered—! But that's neither here nor there."

"What are you meaning to do, Sherry?" asked Miss Wantage, solicitously.

"Just what I told my mother, and my platter-faced uncle! Marry the first female I see!"

Hero giggled. "Silly! That's me!" "Well, there's no need to be so curt literal!" said his lordship. "I know it's you, as it turns out, but—" He stopped suddenly, and stared down into Miss Wantage's heart-shaped countenance. "Well, why not?" he said slowly. "That's exactly what I will do!"

For one dazed moment Miss Wantage could only gaze blankly up at him. "M-marry me, Sherry?" she stammered.

"Yes, why not?" responded his lordship. "That is, unless you have some objection, and considering the way you were ready to marry the curate I can't for the life of me see why you should have!"

"No, no, I wasn't ready to marry the curate!" protested Hero. "I told you that I would prefer to be a governess."

"Well, never mind about that," said his lordship. "It's no use your pretending that you'd prefer to be a governess to marrying me, because it's absurd!"

Miss Wantage was far from wanting to pretend anything of the sort, but the notion of marrying one who had for a number of years appeared to her in much the same light as he appeared to his Tiger was too fantastic.

"Oh, Sherry, don't, please!" she begged, a catch in her voice. "I know it's only a joke, but, please, I wish you will not!"

"It's no such thing," the Viscount said. "In fact, the more I think of it, it seems to me an excellent plan."

"But, Sherry, you love Isabella!" "Of course I love Isabella!" responded Sherry. "Though, mind you, I don't say I'd have offered for her if I hadn't been so deuced uncomfortably circumstanced, for, to tell you the truth, Hero, I'd as lief not be married. However, it's no use thinking of that! Married I must be, and if I can't have the incomparable I'd as soon have you as any other."

He added handsomely, "I'm devilish fond of you, Hero. Of course, it's no love match, but it's my belief we should deal famously."

for you don't take pets, or go off into odd humors, and you won't expect me to alter all my habits, and spend my time dancing attendance on you."

"Oh, no, no!" Hero said quickly. "Sherry, if you think I might suit, please—please do marry me, for I know I should like it above all things!"

"Yes, but you've no more notion of what it means than that sparrow," said the Viscount bluntly.

"But I should like very much always to be with you, Sherry, because you are never cross with me, and I should enjoy much fun, and go to London, and see all the things I've only heard of, and go to parties, and balls, and not be scolded, or sent to that dreadful school, and—oh, Sherry, it wasn't k-kind of you to put it into my head if you d-didn't really mean it!"

The Viscount patted her shoulder in a perfunctory way, a slightly rueful grin quivering on his lips. Scatter-brained he might be, but the full implication of this artless speech was not lost on him.

Miss Wantage swallowed a sob, and said valiantly: "You were only funning. Of course I should have known that. I didn't mean to tease you."

"No, I wasn't," said his lordship. "Why shouldn't I marry you? I know you haven't had time to fix your affections, but ten to one you never will, and in any event you won't find me the sort of husband who's for ever kicking up a dust over trifles. I shan't interfere with your pleasures, as long as you keep 'em discreet, my dear. And you needn't fear I shall be forcing attentions on you."

MISS WANTAGE cried eagerly. "Oh, Sherry, it would be wonderful." Then her face fell. "But they will never, never let us, Sherry!"

"Who's to stop us?" he demanded. "That's one thing my father didn't put into the Trust! I can marry anyone I please, and no one can say a word."

"But they will," said Hero boldly. "Your Mama wishes you to make a Brilliant Match, and she will do everything in her power to prevent your throwing yourself away upon me. And Cousin Jane would pack me off to Bath to-morrow if she knew!"

"I don't see that, Hero, dashed if I do! She'll say it's a devilish good match!"

"That's just it, Sherry: she would say it was far too good for me! She would be so angry! Because, you know, she does hope that perhaps you might take a liking to Cassy, or even Eudora."

"Well, I shan't. Never could abide the sight of either of them, or of Sophy, for that matter. However, there's a good deal in what you say, Hero, and if there's one thing I detest more than another it's a parcel of women arguing at me, and having the vapors every five minutes, which is what would happen." He frowned, then nodded briskly.

"There's only one thing for it: we must go off without saying a word about it to anyone. Once the knot's tied, and we can do that fast enough if I get a special licence, they can't stop us. So come along! We've wasted enough time. Hi, Jason!"

"Come now?" gasped Miss Wantage. "But I have nothing with me, Sherry! Must I not pack a portmanteau?"

"Now, will you have sense, Hero? If we go back and start packing a portmanteau you'll be discovered. Besides, I can't see what you want with a portmanteau. If the rest of your gowns are anything like the one you have on now, the sooner you're rid of them the better! I'll buy you everything you want when we get to London."

"Oh, Sherry, will you?" cried Miss Wantage, her cheeks in a glow. "Thank you! Let us go quickly!"

The Viscount sprang down into the lane, and held up his hands. "Jump, then!"

To be continued

Fashion FROCKS



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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

VARIATIONS of the Empire line have puzzled some readers, so I have had three versions sketched. As well I have answered some other queries of general interest on trends of fashion and renovations.

The Empire line

NEWSPAPERS and magazines have featured a great deal of fashion information about the 'Empire line' recently, but I am not sure whether this silhouette is considered suitable only for evening dress. Will you please tell me in your fashion column if this is so?

Originally Paris designers scheduled 'Empire' as a silhouette for evening wear. However, the trend is gradually making its appearance in sportswear and daytime collections. A wide, moulded, and shaped midriff, to give the garment a raised waistline, is the number one Empire look for casuals. Typically Empire is a coat (street length) with a slightly-higher-than-normal waistline plus a slim skirt with a back pleat or pleats. In the evening fullness flowing from a high waistline and falling straightish is authentic Empire. With this evening silhouette go tiny puff sleeves or a straight, strapless bodice, below which are pleats or gathers, caught by self cords, crossed and tied above the normal waistline.

Advice for an O.S.

"YOUR ideas and suggestions to others have been very helpful to me, and now I have a personal request for you. Lately I have undertaken certain social activities, and as I am to be in the public eye, I would like your advice about clothes. I am a very large woman, and feel I am spending a fair amount of money at present and not getting good results. Should I wear black always?"

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Buy the very best tailored clothes your budget will allow. Always choose a jacket or coat with a deep opening to break up topside heaviness. For your figure, one-piece dresses should be designed with classic, uncluttered lines. Have all your clothes made slightly on the loose side, but I don't mean for a moment all your clothes should "hang." The least suggestion of strain across back, abdomen, or bosom will draw attention to your size. Women of generous proportions are advised by most fashion writers to wear dark colors, especially black. Personally I feel that, whatever a woman's size, a shade to complement complexion, hair, and eye color must be an asset. Nor do I feel that figured material is taboo for the large woman. A spot or a small square design can often be arranged to disguise rather than accent the size of the wearer.

A "moon face"

"I WANT to buy myself a hat for early autumn, and as I am not very successful at choosing becoming styles, I am writing to ask for your advice. I think the main trouble is that I have a moon face."

Too rounded facial contours may be disguised by correct choice of



Three versions of the new Empire line.

line. Either a hat tilted to one side or one with a peaked crown will be good camouflage. To wear with a suit, coat, or any type of classic dress, a largish side-sweeping beret that sits securely on the head will give your face a longer line.

Summer coat

"I HAVE come to live in Victoria from N.S.W., and as I find the summers so much colder, I want to make myself some type of short coat to wear over my summer frocks. I may sometimes need the coat to wear at night. Would you recommend something pretty, please? If it's any help to you, I'm nearly 17 and have brown hair and eyes."

I suggest you make a wrist-length topper in fleecy wool. Carnation-pink or a daffodil-yellow would tone well with summer colors. Have the coat designed with plenty of swinging-out back fullness, finished with gilt buttons. A topper made on these lines will be ideal for every event in your life.

The elegant stole

"LAST winter I had an evening frock made with a wide black velvet skirt and a shirred pink tulle strapless bodice. I hardly wore the frock because the bare top made me feel uncomfortable. Would a black velvet jacket to match with a pink lining be a suitable renovation?"

A cape stole would be a newer and more elegant addition to your dress than a jacket. Have the stole in velvet to match the skirt, and finish it with layers of pink tulle.

After-thought

"MY daughter is being married in a few weeks, and her white satin dress has a lace yoke and slim skirt, just to the floor all round. We now feel a frock without a train is not bridal enough. Is there any simple way to add on a train?"

It would be quite a simple matter to add a straight, loose panel falling from the waistline and ending in a short train at the back. The panel could be made in satin and outlined with several layers of lace to match the bodice yoke.

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"A Godsend to us" . . .

**bedridden nearly a year,
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If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

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Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

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Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

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Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.



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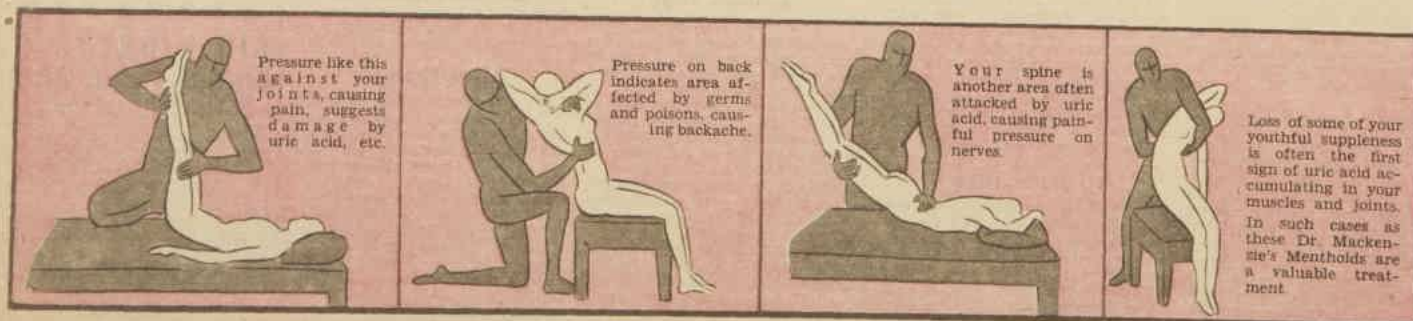
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If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

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SMALL SIZE 1/- ECONOMY SIZE 2/6

RHU PILLS TONIGHT

TOMORROW YOU'RE RIGHT!

811-41



THOROUGHLY remove old nail enamel, using wad of cotton-wool saturated with polish remover.



TRIM NAILS with clippers, cutting straight across in square shape. Never point toenails.

**BEAUTY
AFOOT**

BY CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

GOOD feet are the basis of fitness and vitality, as well as an important adjunct to beauty, because, if the feet are not healthy, painful effects are obvious in facial lines of pain.

Here is a simplified technique for a professional sort of pedicure that should be done every ten days or fortnight to promote maximum foot comfort.

● First step is to remove any nail enamel, using a small piece of cotton wool saturated with polish remover.

● Follow with an antiseptic foot-bath, soaking both feet in the cooling, softening soda.

● While one foot continues soaking, dry and pedicure the other. Trimming nails straight across in a square shape with clippers, if available.

It's a good plan to nip a tiny piece out at toenail centre and then tailor the remainder to that level to prevent inward curling on the sides, most often a big-toe aggravation.

● Beveling to a smooth edge with an emery board comes next. File in one direction, sides to centre, never sawing back and forth. Wielding a nail-buffer for a few minutes helps smooth down ridges. Buff, also, in one direction only, using some powder polish.

● Now allow a generous quantity of cuticle oil to seep round each nail, using the flat end of an orange-stick to loosen up hardened cuticle and skin. Pre-moistening will make the stick end more efficient for this job.

● While cuticle oil remains round the nails, foot and ankle massage may be performed. A mentholated, minted, or astringent cream is an ideal stimulator, though hand cream or lotion, witch-hazel or toilet water also provides a smooth finish.

Stroke upwards firmly from toes to ankle, covering the under as well as the upper part of each foot, then massage the cushion-pad of each foot with elliptic movements of the thumbs, continuing the pressure up and over the instep.

● When cream is rubbed in to disappearing point, and prior to final immersion in the warm soapy water, sprinkle all over with astringent or skin freshener, direct from the bottle. Both applications of cream and lotion are removed in the ensuing bathing and drying.

● Dust with foot powder or talcum, and if nail white is used spread it gently along under nail tips without lifting or digging the nail too hard.

● Sparkle toenails with a pretty polish to show off either a tan or smooth whiteness, weaving a folded tissue or strip of cotton-wool between the toes to hold them apart while a double coat of color, topped by a sealing agent, solidifies. Hold feet upright so polish will not run down.

To quickly groom busy feet, keep an orange stick handy in the bath-



USING a buffer and a little powder polish helps to smooth ridges and provide a better base for fresh color.



TO RELAX foot muscles and stimulate circulation, massage feet and ankles deeply with a piquant cream.



SEPARATE TOES with tissue or cotton-wool to make polish application easier; hold feet upright while drying.

room cabinet and push back on the cuticles each day as you step out of the bath. Finish-off with a rough towelling, a flick of hand lotion, or a dash of bracing cologne.

Not everyone is blessed with pretty feet or perfectly strong ones, and that's not too surprising when you think of the continuous work they do.

But anyone can have well-groomed feet, and regular treatments not only mean foot and ankle beautification, but provide a pleasant period for relaxing that is both comforting and refreshing.

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LARGER
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ART SILK CREPE FROCK
Unbelievably Priced
ONLY **49/11**

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PAIN
you
can't
explain

YOU HAVE TO
TELL A
"white lie"

When it's your
turn to suffer—take a hint
from thousands of women and remember
it's time for MYZONE...

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort... surely... safely. At all chemists.

★
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myzone
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT
"PAIN"

KRAFT South American Salad

"... as exciting as a night in Rio."



— says **ELIZABETH COOKE**
famous Kraft Cookery
and Nutrition expert.



**Kraft Cheese TASTES
better because it's
BLENDED BETTER!**

You wouldn't find a more intriguing salad on the Copocabana itself. And it tastes as good as it looks. Kraft Cheese lends glamour to any salad without putting it out of the 'economy' class because Kraft Cheese is *all* cheese—no rind, no waste at all—and because Kraft stays *fresh* in its hygienic foil wrapper right down to the last toothsome slice.

You can eat every bit of your KRAFT CHEESE because it has *no rind*, and it stays *fresh* to the last mellow slice in its hygienic foil wrapper.

KRAFT CHEESE is an unequalled source of complete, high quality protein, Vitamins A, B and D, calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

KRAFT SOUTH AMERICAN SALAD

4 firm tomatoes; 8 oz. Kraft Cheese; shredded lettuce; diced cucumber, celery and pineapple; 1 small red chilli; Kraft Mayonnaise; parsley.

Shred the cheese into a double boiler with a very little milk and melt until perfectly smooth. Remove seeds from chilli and chop hunk very finely and sprinkle enough of it into the cheese to lightly fleck it with red. Pour on to a greased, warmed flat metal dish and roll to 1/4 inch thickness with a greased bottle before cheese cools.

Cut tomatoes in several places, leaving them attached at the base so they can be opened out. When cheese is set, cut in strips and crescent shaped pieces. Place crescents round edge of salad plate. Make a mound of lettuce in the centre and curve cheese strips up around edges of lettuce bed. Place tomatoes on top and fill with celery and cucumber. Cover each with Kraft Mayonnaise and decorate the salad with diced pineapple. Drop parsley sprigs on top.



MATRON CONNELLY says:

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- ★ Tastier and costs less.



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Midsummer Meals

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● A light, hot main dish followed by an icy-cold fruit-flavored sweet is a menu that will tempt the most heat-jaded appetites.

FRESH or smoked fish is a valuable food, and should be included in the menu at least once a week.

Mullet may be used instead of smoked cod in the recipe below, but the skin must be removed and the oily film on the surface of the flesh wiped away carefully to remove the strong flavor.

It is not necessary to cover fresh fish with water and bring it to the boil. This is done only to remove excess salt.

BAKED STUFFED COD

One and a half to 2 lb. smoked cod, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon very finely chopped onion or shallot, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg-yolk, a little milk, sliced olive and red pepper strips to garnish, lemon wedges, parsley.

Remove skin from fish, cover with cold water; bring to boil, drain. Prepare stuffing. Combine all dry ingredients, mix in margarine or butter broken into tiny pieces. Moisten with egg-yolk and a little milk. Spread over one half of fish, fold other half over. Place in ovenware dish, add water to a depth of 1 in. Cover fish with thickly greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes until fish is soft, white, and flaky. Lift carefully on to hot serving-dish, garnish with sliced olive, strips of red pepper, lemon wedges, and parsley. Serve minted new potatoes and peas on same dish (or in vegetable dish). Serve hot green sauce in jug or bowl, with sliced or chopped olives and gherkins on separate dish—to be added to sauce if desired. Quantities given serve 4 or 5.

GREEN SAUCE

One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, sliced or chopped olives and gherkins (to be added if desired).

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, and cayenne; continue stirring until boiling. Remove from heat; gradually add a little at a time to mayonnaise, stirring one way only. Reheat if necessary over boiling water. Just before serving, fold in parsley and olives and gherkins (if used).

TOMATO AND CORN SAVORY

Three medium tomatoes, 1 large white onion, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 4oz. chopped ham (or diced, cooked bacon), 1 to 1½ cup drained sweet corn, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, tomato slices and parsley to garnish.

Dip tomatoes in boiling water, remove skins. Cut up roughly. Place in small saucepan with thinly sliced onion, margarine or butter, salt and cayenne. Cook very gently until onion is soft. Remove from heat, add ham or bacon, corn, and crumbs (reserving some for topping). Turn into greased ramekin-dishes, top with crumbs and a slice of tomato. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot. For 4 or 5.

JELLIED PLUM GATEAU

Two eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cornflour, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat

whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold in egg-yolks, lemon rind, and vanilla, beat 2 or 3 minutes longer. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then hot milk with melted butter. Turn into well-greased recess-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler, allow to become cold. Prepare plum topping.

Plum Topping: Cooked plum-halves (drained free of syrup), 1 cup syrup from plums, red coloring (if necessary), 2½ teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ice-cream, chopped nuts.

Mix plum syrup with dissolved gelatine, lemon juice, and red coloring (if used). When cold and beginning to thicken, spoon into recess of sponge, allow to set. Arrange plum halves on top. Just before serving pile scoops of ice-cream in centre, sprinkle with nuts.

ICE-CREAM

One pint fresh milk, 1 cup dried milk powder, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Warm milk slightly, beat in powdered milk, sugar, and dissolved gelatine. Continue beating 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator-trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, allow to soften slightly. Add vanilla and beat again 4 or 5 minutes. Pour back into trays, freeze until firm.

TOMATO AND CORN SAVORY makes an appetizing start for a midsummer dinner menu. Baked stuffed cod with green sauce is a quickly prepared and delicious main dish followed by a refreshing ice-cream-topped plum gateau. Recipes for all dishes illustrated are given above. Note: All spoon measurements in recipes refer to level spoons.



SPOTLIGHT ON QUALITY



Rosella
COOKED SPAGHETTI
WITH CHEESE
TOMATO SAUCE
CONTENTS 1 LB. NET

For those who **PREFER** the **BEST** in **SPAGHETTI** with **CHEESE**

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Always use **FISHER'S POLISHING WAX**

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For dark woods ask for **FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)**

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Pimples and Bad Skin Attacked In 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Blisters. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

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Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways: 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your

mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skins to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Weeden, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without results. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- 6/4-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch



AN ADDED ATTRACTION to your afternoon tea-party or supper-table are these Dutch apricot wafers. The recipe, which wins the £10 prize, is given on this page.



CHEESE and nut loaf with onion sauce is a good dish for a meatless luncheon or dinner. Try serving the loaf cold with a crisp green salad; you'll like it that way, too.

Dutch wafers win £10

CREAM cheese and apricots give a piquant flavor to the cookies which win the £10 prize in our weekly recipe competition.

Dried apricots, soaked overnight, or fresh stewed or tinned apricots may be used, but these must be thoroughly drained of syrup or water before using.

Cheese and nut loaf with onion sauce is a satisfying main dish for a meatless dinner.

Remember to give level spoon measurements when entering recipes in this competition. Write in ink on one side of paper only, and include name and full address (including State) on every page.

DUTCH APRICOT CHEESE WAFERS

Three ounces cream cheese, 1 cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, soaked dried apricots (or tinned or stewed), milk, sugar.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and cheese. Work in sifted flour, making a dry dough. Shape into rolls 1 to 1½ inches in diameter, wrap in waxed paper, chill. Cut into thin slices with sharp knife. Place small thin piece of apricot on one slice, press another slice on top. Place on biscuit tray, glaze with milk, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 10 to 15 minutes until very lightly browned and crisp. Allow to cool on tray. Store in airtight tin.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. B. Rieley, Rome St., East Coorparoo, Brisbane.

CHEESE AND NUT LOAF WITH ONION SAUCE

One cup grated cheese, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup finely chopped walnuts or peanuts or mixture of both, tomatoes and parsley to garnish.

Sauce: One tablespoon fat, 1 small onion, 3 tablespoons plain flour, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled green pepper, 2 cups vegetable or meat stock, salt and pepper.

Mix cheese, breadcrumbs, milk, beaten eggs, mustard, nuts, salt and pepper to taste. Stir until well blended. Fill into loaf-tin greased and coated with browned crumbs. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric), cook

further 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from tin, garnish with tomato and parsley, serve in slices with onion sauce.

Sauce: Melt fat, add chopped onion and green pepper, allow to brown. Add flour, brown again. Stir in stock, flavor with salt and pepper, stir until boiling. Simmer 5 to 10 minutes, serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Hudson, c/o Post Office, Dungog, N.S.W.

PORK CHOPS ITALIENNE

Four pork chops, salt and pepper, 1 clove chopped garlic, 1 cup stale white breadcrumbs, 1 cup hot stock or water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar or lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin.

Wipe chops with damp cloth. Place in cold dry pan, cook over low heat until some fat has melted out. Increase heat, allow chops to brown on both sides. Drain off excess fat, leaving about 1 dessertspoonful. Add salt, pepper, garlic, and breadcrumbs. Cook one or two minutes longer until breadcrumbs are browned. Add stock or water, cook until chops are tender and sauce slightly thickened (4 or 5 minutes or longer according to thickness of chops). Add vinegar or lemon juice and gherkins. Lift meat on to hot serving dish, coat with sauce. Serve piping hot with creamed potatoes, grilled or sauteed apple slices, and greens.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss J. Hanson, 10 Killern Ave., East Brighton, S.E. Vic.

TOMATO, PEAR, AND APPLE CHUTNEY

Three quarts chopped ripe tomatoes, 1½ quarts chopped pears, 1½ quarts chopped apples, 1 cup chopped green pepper, 3 cups chopped onions, 2 cups seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons salt, 4 cups brown sugar, 4 cups vinegar, 2 tablespoons mixed spices.

Mix tomatoes, apples, pears, green pepper, onion, raisins, salt, sugar and vinegar. Tie spices in piece of thin white cloth, add to mixture. Bring to boiling point in enamel-lined vessel. Simmer 1½ hours, stirring frequently with wooden or enamel spoon. Remove spice bag, allow to cool slightly. Fill into dry, hot jars, seal when cold, store in dark place. Makes approximately 3 quarts of chutney. Delicious with cold meats.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Stibbs, 46 Hunter St., Wonthaggi, Vic.

Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth to-day?



It keeps 'em shipshape

11d. and 1/4 per tube at all chemists and stores



Why not **ENJOY REAL HOLIDAY HEALTH?**



To feel "On Top of the World," with the sparkling eyes and clear complexion that all admire, start taking Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime.

Purely vegetable Bile Beans act gently in helping Nature to clear away impurities that make you feel sluggish and out-of-sorts. Bile Beans ensure that complete cleansing of the system essential to good health.

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Asthma Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

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For Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-

**Saves
TIME**



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COOKS A COMPLETE MEAL IN MINUTES.

NAMCO steam-pressure cookery is the fastest and best method of cookery ever evolved... and the easiest. All you do is to follow the very simple directions contained in the little handbook which comes with the NAMCO Cooker itself. ANYONE who can understand a recipe and read a gauge and a clock can cook like a professional with a NAMCO right away! In a matter of minutes you can cook a COMPLETE MEAL perfectly with out the slightest fuss or trouble.

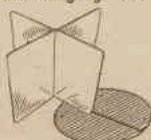
COMPARE THESE COOKING TIMES.

NAMCO cooking times range from 60 seconds for fish to only 40 minutes for a steamed pudding. It's almost unbelievable how swiftly the high-pressure steam in your NAMCO Cooker does what used to be an hour or more of cooking in less time than it takes to boil a kettle.

HOW THE NAMCO QUICKLY PAYS FOR ITSELF.

NAMCO Cookers can be used on a wood or oil stove with just the same efficiency and economy as on gas or electric ranges. Namco Pressure Cookery is so fast that your fuel bill starts diminishing right away. From that saving alone... your Namco will quickly pay for itself. As a matter of fact, there is no more economical way of cooking.

NAMCO Pressure Cookers are supplied with aluminium partitions, for dividing the cooker into four separate compartments. Meats and several vegetables may be cooked together without any fear of intermingling. The wire rack is particularly useful as a "second storey."



In this way your Namco will hold ample food for a family of five people or more.

VITAMINS ARE RETAINED. FLAVOUR AND COLOUR ARE PERFECT.

In Namco pressure cooking a minimum of water is used. The vitamin content of the food is not boiled away—and the natural flavour, colour and juices are all retained. Namco-cooked meals are, therefore, not only more nutritious but more appetising. Namco-cooked meals look good, taste good and ARE good... good in EVERY WAY.

"WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT IT," SAY DELIGHTED AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIVES.

Once you've experienced the thrill of Namco pressure cooking, you'll wonder how you tolerated the old-fashioned cooking methods. Your gleaming, sturdy aluminium Namco will be the best friend you have in your kitchen. Like tens of thousands of other Australian housewives, you'll find yourself talking about your NAMCO, about its simple, speedy operation, its obvious economy.



A PRODUCT OF OVERSEAS CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

MARGERY SPEED, Namco's Cooking Expert, says —
"Try this brand new recipe in your NAMCO."

HONEY CUSTARD.

Ingredients: 2 cups milk 3 eggs
1 cup honey 1 teas. vanilla
1 teas. salt pinch nutmeg
1 cup water in Cooker

Method: Mix slightly beaten eggs, honey and salt, add milk which has been warmed, and vanilla. Sprinkle nutmeg into greased individual metal moulds, then pour in mixture. Place on rack adding 1 cup of water to Cooker. Pressure Cook 2 minutes.

A second layer of moulds may be added by placing another rack on top of lower ones.

NAMCO PRESSURE COOKERS now feature an indicator which cannot fall off or be knocked off the vent pipe accidentally. It's the same, easy-to-use indicator, and just one more reason why YOU should buy NAMCO!

Head Office: 375 Collins St., Melbourne.

The BIG 4ⁱⁿ Summer Troubles



AND HOW THEY YIELD to 'ASPRO'

1 CONQUER HEAT NERVINESS & EXHAUSTION!

Nerviness, irritability and a feeling of exhaustion are probably the most common of summer's troubles. Many people try to overcome them by stimulation, but that is FALSE—it tends to make a further call on nervous energy just at a time when one needs to CONSERVE it. Calmness—the soothing influence of 'ASPRO'—is what is needed. Within a few minutes of taking 'ASPRO' a sense of comfort and serenity comes and energy builds up in a natural way.

2 FLING OFF HEAT & HUMIDITY HEADACHES!

Heat and humidity headaches often differ from ordinary headaches. There's usually an element of irritability with them due to oppressive conditions and that is why 'ASPRO' is so valuable. 'ASPRO' does not stop headaches in a deadening kind of way—it SOOTHES them away when a soothing action is needed. There are no after-effects—you feel fresh and clear-headed right away. Fling off heat and humidity headaches the soothing 'ASPRO' way.

3 KEEP YOURSELF FRESH & VIGOROUS!

Energy and zest for living are impossible to attain in hot weather without a full measure of sound, restful sleep. But sleep does not always come easily. Help is often needed and that is just where 'ASPRO' can help. 'ASPRO' quietsens and calms you—removes the cause of restlessness and induces sweet, beneficial slumber. And because 'ASPRO' has no after-effects you waken thoroughly refreshed—fit and eager to face a new day!

4 ENJOY THE SUN! COMBAT SUN TROUBLES!

Summer sunshine is good for everyone but there are times when it brings discomforts that spoil the day. The pain of sunburn—that irritating overheated feeling—the glare of surf and sand that sets your head a-rob—all these yield speedily to 'ASPRO'. 'ASPRO' soothes away pain and its anti-pyretic action reduces the feverishness. Sore throats, too, are often caused through heat, dust and dryness. That is when 'ASPRO' as a gargle will be found very effective. Never venture out into the heat without 'ASPRO'.

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

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AS2/48



SECTION of drawing-room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ayers, Millswood, Adelaide, showing the fluted fireplace. Walls are off-white; curtains palest wedgwood-blue. Settee and some chairs are off-white, patterned in blues, pinks, cyclamen, and green.

Home of charm

ALL the space and comfort that a family could wish for is to be found in the U-shaped home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ayers and their young family at Millswood, Adelaide.

John Ayers is a grandson of the late Sir Sidney Kidman, whose immense cattle stations earned him the title of the Cattle King of Australia.

Lady Kidman lives opposite in her lovely old two-story home built of stone and set in large tree-shrouded grounds.

The Ayers' home has two bedrooms, a nursery, play-room, spacious drawing-room (with a whole wall of glass overlooking the courtyard and rear garden), a beautiful dining-room adjoining the large, light, labor-saving kitchen, terraces to enlarge liveability, abundant indoor daylight (sunshine to all rooms and passages), and ample wardrobe and cupboard space.

Utility and sleeping quarters are separate units, linked by the wide entrance hall (which connects both wings) and drawing-room.

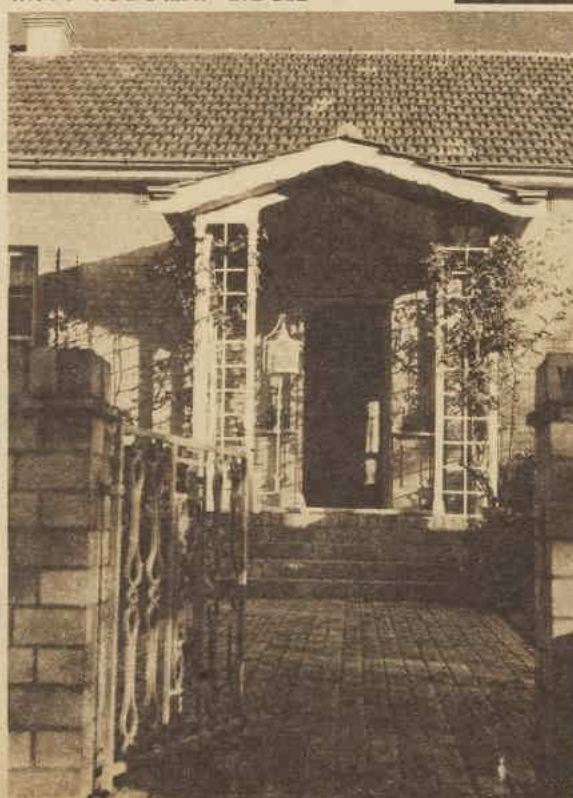
Baby Jane's nursery is in softest blue and white, and was decorated by Mrs. Ayers. The white wardrobe is sprinkled with tiny posies of flowers to match the satin covering of the bed. The cot is flounced in organdie to match the curtains.

John's room has a bright rust carpet, and pale blue covers on bed and chair. —EVE GYE



A VIEW of the courtyard and garden, taken through the glass wall of the drawing-room.

(LEFT) Wide, red-brick walk leading to steps and portico of the Ayers' home.



MEDICAL CARE ESSENTIAL

By SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

CARE of the kidneys during pregnancy is of the greatest importance.

Many young mothers do not know that the kidneys are doing a double job at the pre-natal period.

If the mother is not getting the correct diet, or perhaps neglecting her teeth, she may put a greater strain on these important organs than they can take.

Faithful co-operation with the doctor is a safeguard, as frequent tests are essential and reveal weaknesses that can be remedied by prompt medical treatment.

A leaflet, giving some of the danger signals which indicate departure from normal conditions, with suggestions of steps to be taken, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.



PLAY OF LIGHT AND SHADOW. View of Mr. and Mrs. John Ayers' home at Millswood, Adelaide, taken just as the sun was setting by our photographer, Tim Wilson. Wings at rear of house flank a courtyard.

Gay flowers for autumn show

TWO of the gayest and most generous of our annual plants are snapdragons and petunias. They appear to bloom endlessly with a minimum of care.

Snapdragons, beloved by children as well as adults because of their dragon-like "mouths," can be obtained in a bewildering range of forms and colors, and every year some new shade seems to be offered.

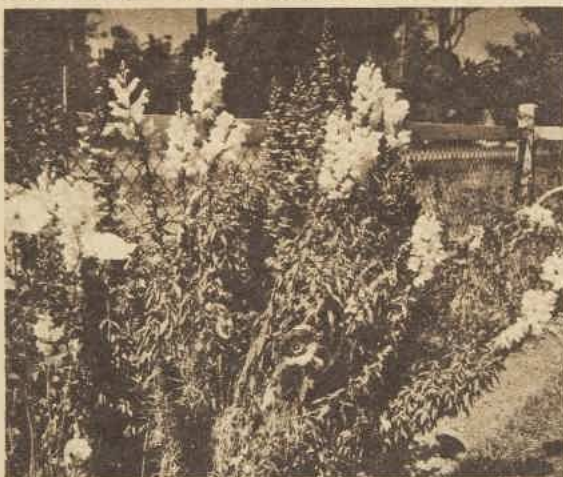
Nature has been particularly kind to the gardener so far as the antirrhinum (its botanical name) is concerned, for it can be obtained in dwarf, medium, medium tall, and very tall varieties—and the color range is common to them all.

Plain whites and yellows, pale or deep pink, orange, tango, reds, crimsons, and gold—they are all beautiful. But in recent years we have been offered stripes, delicate pink snaps with white throats, bright red with yellow throats, rich terracottas, deep bronzes, and here and there the rarest shade, lilac, appears.

Although a true biennial but regarded by some as a perennial, the snapdragon is best grown as an annual, the plants rarely surviving more than one summer. It appears to thrive best in poor to medium-quality soil, and frequently wilts and dies very quickly if heavily manured.

Another advantage of the snapdragon is its free flowering habit and long life after cutting. All members of the family prefer an open, sunny position, but it will flower moderately well in semi-shade.

The petunia, on the other hand,



SNAPDRAGONS OR ANTIRRHINUMS are everyone's favorite. They grow anywhere, bloom for months, and are easy to grow from seed. Sow now for late autumn and early spring blooms.

will have no shade. It is a sun-lover purely and simply, and makes its best display when the summer is at its hottest and fiercest. Like the snapple, it can be obtained in a wide range of sizes and colors.

The nana compacta types grow from 6 in. to 9 in. tall, and come to the gardener in shades such as rose, pink, white, crimson, and ruffled types of mixed colors. They are best for edging or border beds.

Bedding types have become tremendously popular in recent years, because of their brilliant colors. They range from blue with white

stars in the centre, through rose, pink, purple, light blue, and violet, many having white throats which contrast well with the other shades.

Balcony petunias are pendulous and low-branched, and admirably suited for basket-growing, window-troughs, or potting. They, too, can be obtained in almost any color and many mixtures.

The show types and hybrids are mostly fringed, doubled fringed, or single, and include the best-known varieties in the entire family. Giants of California (single) are magnificent, and bear enormous blooms.

All petunias do well in good soil, the ideal ground being sandy loam containing plenty of well-rotted cow manure. Seed can be sown now.

Plant seedlings now

SEEDLINGS of such flowering plants as saxifraga cordifolia, cineraria, delphiniums, lychinis, pansies, gazanias, stocks, perennial scabious, gerberas, godetia, lupins, marigolds, carnations, and primulas can be set out in the garden any time between now and the end of next month.

Primulas and columbines, which like shade, do best on the south side of a fence in soil that is acid. Foxgloves, too, are shade lovers and require similar positions. Set out seedlings of annual phlox now. They will flower well in autumn. Statice, salvia, wallflowers, sweet williams, and verbenas may also be set out now in sunny positions.

—Our Home Gardener



HYBRID PETUNIAS make a gay show for many months of the year. They revel in rich, sandy soil, and require an open, sunny position.

Tek

GIANT PRIZE SLOGAN CONTEST

Imagine the thrill of winning a 115 guinea Mullard Duo-Player radio combination for writing a simple slogan about Tek! This magnificent first prize can be yours, or you can win one of the other famous Mullard Radios in the grand prize list! Start thinking about your slogan now! Send in as many entries as you wish. No need to enclose anything, but do read the simple conditions first! They must be complied with!

YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE GRAND PRIZES

1st. Mullard Radio Combination Duo-Player Grand, Valued at 115 guineas. 2nd. Imported Mullard 9 valve, 12 band receiver, Valued at 75 guineas. 3rd. Mullard 6 valve, dual-wave, table model, Valued at 45 guineas. 4th. Mullard 5 valve, dual-wave, table model, Valued at £29/15/-. Six Special Prizes (One to the best entry—other than major prize winners—received from each state). Mullard "Thousand" mantle models, Valued at 18 guineas. All equipped with Mullard Master Valves.

LISTEN TO THE QUIZ KIDS every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. for up-to-the-minute details!

CONDITIONS

1. Think up a slogan or slogan featuring TEK.
2. Jot them down on any piece of paper, but be sure to put your name and address at the top. They will be counted as one entry.
3. Address your entry to "Tek Slogan Contest," C/- Johnson & Johnson Pty. Ltd., Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney. Be careful to affix correct postage.
4. Entries close on March 31, and results will be published in Public Notices Column of metropolitan papers on April 20. Johnson & Johnson and their connections are ineligible to compete.
5. Three independent judges of wide advertising experience will adjudicate. Entries will be judged on their advertising merit. Where two or more similar slogans are received the entry received first will qualify. Decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence can be entered into.
6. All entries become the property of Johnson & Johnson Pty. Ltd., and may be used in any way the Company wishes.



Write a Tek Slogan—
Win a Mullard Radio!



There's Something about Her..

Her hair? her eyes? Ah yes, her figure delightfully moulded in Corlasto—the fashionable figure foundation—to allow her complete freedom of movement at all times, with perfect figure control.

Ask to see Corlasto's wonderful two-way stretch step-ins and Corlasto panties with detachable crotch and suspenders.

Corlasto

THE FASHIONABLE
FIGURE FOUNDATION

NOVOLINE

THE MODERN BRASSIERE AS

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES



Two belles and all's well !

Where informality is smart . . . and a colourful chic is demanded of your casuals, sail your way with flying colours in Summer Breeze, cool cotton haircord that keeps you looking crisp as a wavelet and zephyr fresh where appearances are mirrored in reflective eyes.

"Summer Breeze"

A CAESAR  FABRIC

Quilt tells story



CLOSE-UP of a square in the quilt showing the applique doll.

● A quilt which commemorates highlights in her childhood and girlhood was part of the trousseau of Mrs. Strome Galloway, of Ottawa, Canada.

MRS. GALLOWAY, who is a newspaperwoman, exhibited the quilt at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto recently.

She says it recalls to her the story of her life from cradle to marriage.

There are 30 white cotton squares, framed with yellow, in the quilt, and in each square are multi-colored, appliqued alhabettes of a little Dutch doll.

Used in the alhabettes are pieces from dresses Mrs. Galloway has worn. On each square, too, is embroidered the name of a person connected in some way with the wearing of the dress.



MRS. GALLOWAY pictured with the quilt which marks exciting events in her life. See story.

Thus the names of a schoolteacher, a friend, bridesmaids, and even a woman at Mrs. Galloway's christening, are included.

Each person who appears on the cloth of a dress Mrs. Galloway wore at a masquerade, when she won the prize for the finest costume, another from a dress she wore when she passed her music examination, and another from the curtains which adorned her bedroom as a child.

Three squares, signed Eve, Aileen, and Elsie, represent her bridesmaids, all three at one time co-workers in newspaper or publicity offices in Toronto.

One square made of a print of multi-colored Easter eggs is a piece from a dress she wore at an Easter party.

Other from a dress she wore when she passed her music examination, and another from the curtains which adorned her bedroom as a child.

Three squares, signed Eve, Aileen, and Elsie, represent her bridesmaids, all three at one time co-workers in newspaper or publicity offices in Toronto.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

LAMPSHADES of washable fabric may be cleaned with a dry shampoo—soap jelly whipped with an egg-beater and the dry sands applied with a cheesecloth, followed with another that has been dipped in clear water and thoroughly wrung out. Unwashable fabric shades are improved by being lightly wiped over with a rag dipped in dry-cleaning fluid.

IF shoe polish gets on a rug, apply cleaning fluid. Follow this with regular washing with soap and water to which a little ammonia has been added, a wipe over with a damp cloth which has been wrung out of clear, cold water.

RUST stains on porcelain or enamelled sinks may be removed by one of these two methods: Cover the stain with kerosene for about four hours, then wash the kerosene off with piping hot water and strong soap. Other method is to rub the stains with a piece of raw lemon, followed by soap and water.

DID you know a loaf of bread keeps fresh twice as long in your refrigerator?

TURN paint cans upside down twenty-four hours before using. When the can is opened you'll find the paint ready for use.

WHEN oranges are to be used in salad, cover them, unpeeled, with boiling water and stand for five minutes. The pith will then come off smoothly with the rind when peeled.

TO shrink bagginess from the knees of men's trousers: Spread trouser legs on a board, dampen bulges, cover with a cloth and press. Let the material dry, and then match inner and outer seams and put in crease, pressing first inside the leg and then out.



BEFORE packing for a holiday week-end, wipe out your valise or suitcase with a cloth dampened with eau-de-cologne.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 29, 1949



I get full marks for my washing

since I've had

the wonderful new ACME CLEANSER WRINGER

"How white the clothes are mother." Yes, those compliments are the reward of the woman who uses the new Acme Cleanser Wringer, with its amazing power of cleaning the clothes as it wrings them.

What is the Acme secret? Pressure! Controlled pressure, which forces out every last scrap of dirt—never mind whether you are washing a heavy blanket or a baby's bib. So gently, too—the most delicate fabric is completely safe with the Acme.

Other star features make the Acme outstanding. Don't delay! Ask your dealer TODAY to show you the latest post-war Acme, designed in every detail to ease your washday—to give you a wash really fresh and sweet, snowy clean.

Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores.



Supplies are still limited owing to shortage of raw materials, so if you can't get an Acme right away don't be put off with a second best—the best's well worth waiting for.

Factory Representatives:

MESSRS. J. CHALEYER & COMPANY, PIONEER HOUSE 353, FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, C.I.



Holiday First-Aid demands BANDEX

This perfect holiday first-aid dressing fastens itself but never sticks to skin, flesh or hair. Bandex bandage is extremely simple, safe and hygienic.

SOFT • POROUS • ANTISEPTIC • ABSORBENT • COMFORTABLE



JOINT PAINS

that's where the pain USED to be

The delights of freedom are doubled when De Witt's Pills release you from the crippling imprisonment of joint pains. Not everybody realises that the kidneys play a vital part in maintaining the health of the whole body. Their task is to filter and expel waste matter and impurities.

If the kidneys become slack or sluggish, these impurities remain in the system and may set up all sorts of rheumatic mischief. De Witt's Pills go right to the root of the trouble—they are made specially to cleanse and tone up the kidneys.

How well De Witt's Pills do the job may be judged by the remarkable reputation which they have built up all over the world. You can skip through the housework with a song, go shopping with a smile and work with a will once those tired kidneys are restored to healthy activity.

Go to your chemist or store and get De Witt's Pills for your joint pains, and you, too, will be able to say: "That's where the pain used to be!" For economy, buy the 5/9 size—it contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

In TWO SECONDS
they are ready to go to work to
RELIEVE your
HEADACHE




Genuine

24 for 1/3
100 for 4/6

BAYER'S ASPIRIN

TABLETS